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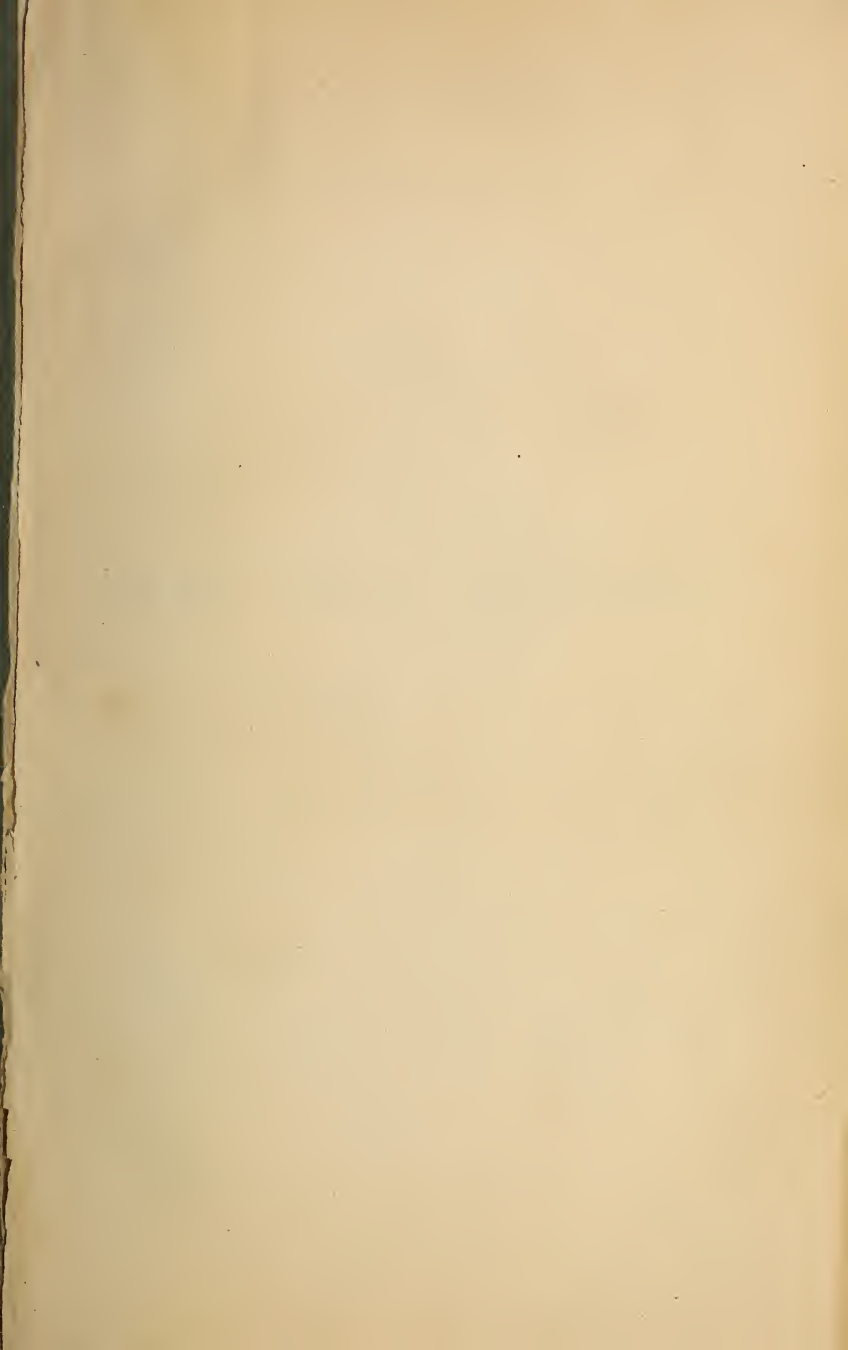


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SKETCHES

OF AND FROM

Friedrich ✓

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

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LONDON :

A. W. BENNETT, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

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1859.

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THE CAMPANER THAL;
OR,
DISCOURSES ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY JEAN PAUL FR. RICHTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY JULIETTE GOWA.

Second Edition, Revised and Corrected.

"—— Report also, we regret to say, is all that we know of the *Campaner Thal*, one of Richter's beloved topics, or rather the life of his whole philosophy; glimpses of which look forth on us from almost every one of his writings. He died while engaged, under recent and almost total blindness, in enlarging and remodelling this *Campaner Thal*. The unfinished manuscript was borne upon his coffin to the burial vault; and Klopstock's hymn, 'Auferstehen wirst du!' 'Thou shalt arise, my soul,' can seldom have been sung with more appropriate application than over the grave of Jean Paul."—*Carlyle's Miscellanies*.

PRICE 4s. 6d.

LONDON:

A. W. BENNETT, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

P R E F A C E.

THE object of this little volume, is to present the English reader with a picture of the great German author, Jean Paul. To effect this, the writer has interwoven a short biographical sketch, with such selections from his works, as seemed most characteristic of the mind that gave them birth, or eminently conspicuous for their truth and beauty. The life of Richter has already appeared in English, and Carlyle has made the name of Jean Paul familiar in this country, by his masterly critical essays; still, except by name, he is very little known, and his works are far too un-English and peculiar, for them ever as a whole, to become popular among Anglo-Saxon readers. The writer of this sketch has endeavoured, by briefly glancing at the main features in his biography, to connect them with the portions of his works translated. Parenthetical essays, called by Richter "Extra Leaves," and short aphorisms have been principally selected, as it is in these, it appears to the translator, that the genius of Richter more especially displays itself. In the "Essay on Charlotte Corday," and in that "On the Death of the Young," Richter expresses sentiments in which the writer does not concur; but in neither case does he think their fervid eloquence was intended as incense to the Moloch, war, but rather as a tribute to that abnegation of self, which constitutes the basis of all true heroism. In the "Repeated Promise of Amendment," we have an instance of what very frequently occurs in his writings; a simple narrative is made the groundwork for the most elaborate description, enriched by copious illustration and gorgeous imagery—a

PREFACE.

massive structure reared upon the slenderest foundation. The reason for introducing a paraphrase by De Quincey, in place of a literal translation, was that the original is of too mystical a nature to present so sublime a picture of space to the reader, as the admirable composition referred to. With this exception, and that of the "Dream of the Dead Christ," no piece translated in this little work has, as far as the writer can ascertain, ever before appeared in English. There is no author that requires more study and reflection than Jean Paul, and often that which at first appears mere high-sounding nonsense, is found to be deep comprehensive truth. If, from the intricacy of the sentences, or an insufficient acquaintance with the peculiarities of the German language, the translator has anywhere misapprehended or perverted the meaning of Richter, none will be more glad to see his error exposed and corrected, than himself. In conclusion, if the tendency of this little volume be to refine the feelings, to enlarge the understanding, to exalt and purify the imagination, and to expand the heart; and if it give to the reader a juster and grander conception of the sublime in man, the sublime in nature, and the sublime in God—it will not have been written in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

This volume has been principally compiled from the following sources:—

Jean Paul's *Sämmtliche Werke*.

Wahrheit aus meinem Leben—Jean Paul.

Biographie Jean Paul's von Ernst Förster.

Carlyle's *Essays*, from one of which is taken the criticism on Richter, quoted at the end of this volume, originally extracted from "German Romance," a work the writer has never seen.

"Life of Richter," published originally in Boston, and subsequently in Chapman and Hall's Catholic Series.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces, translated by Noel.

Jean Paul.

It is a common remark in the present day, that great men are scarce; and although this may be but partially true, yet as a rule, it is undoubtedly correct. This paucity of genius in the present age, is the more striking when contrasted with the galaxy of talent which graced the generation immediately preceding it. The civil commotions, wars, and revolutions, which shook kingdoms to their foundations, overturned monarchies, and freed nations that had been groaning under despotism for hundreds of years, seemed but gently to rock the cradle of the muses, to arouse nature from her lethargy, and to bring forth men, who were to instruct, adorn, dazzle, and enlighten, not only the period that gave them birth, but all succeeding ages. Germany, more especially in the time of her greatest national degradation and misery, was to take up a position in the literary world, to which she had never before aspired.

The language in which Luther taught and wrote, was before this time held in but very low esteem, and whilst French was spoken in every court in Europe, German was scarcely understood at its own. It was reserved for Schiller, Goethe, and their con-

temporaries, to raise the literature of their country from its then ignoble position, and to bring out and develop the resources of their long neglected mother tongue.

Among the mighty spirits of this age, none stands more conspicuous for depth of thought, beauty of expression, richness of diction and grandeur of imagination, though veiled in a very difficult and original style, than he whose life and writings we would fain portray; he who has been termed by his admiring countrymen, Jean Paul der Einzige—Jean Paul the only.

In the heart of Germany, at the North of Bavaria, is situated a table-land, which takes its name from the pine forests with which it is clad, the Fichtelgebirge. Here in the spring of 1763, in the midst of this isolated mountain region, was born Johann Paul Friedrich Richter. His pedigree was not long, nor his ancestors noble; his mother was the daughter of a cloth weaver of Hof, whilst his paternal grandfather was a schoolmaster and under-curate; as he himself says, in the highest degree poor and pious.

His father for some time occupied the same position; but in consequence of a slight preferment, he removed to Regensburg, and subsequently to Wonsiedel, where he settled, and our poet was born. The youthful Richter's path lay not through the flowery meadows of luxury, which so often engender sloth, even in great minds;—he had to climb the steep hill of adversity, with the sharp blasts of poverty in his face. His father was kind but severe, and his plan of education was very peculiar. He on one occasion, when our poet was between eight and nine years

old, brought him a Latin Dictionary to learn off by heart, but upon the repeated mispronunciation of the word "lingua" he took it away, much to the mortification and chagrin of the youthful student. In the little village of Joditz, to which the elder Richter subsequently removed, the "happy days of childhood," which left such an indelible impression on the mind of our author, were spent, and here he formed those simple tastes, and that ardent attachment to his native mountain home, which never deserted him through life.

In his autobiography occurs the following description of a winter evening in the little parsonage of Joditz. "In the long twilight, the father paced to and fro, and the children trotted after him, creeping under his dressing-gown, and clinging if possible to his hands. At the sound of the vesper-bell, we placed ourselves in a circle, and devoutly chanted the hymn." 'Die finstre Nacht bricht stark herein.' "In villages only, for in towns there is more night than day work, have the evening bells a genuine significance, and are indeed the swan song of the day; the evening bell is, as it were, a muffle to the overloud heart, and like a Ranz des Vaches of the plains, calls man from labour and turmoil to the land of stillness and of dreams."

It was with the utmost difficulty that the poor parish priest contrived to make his meagre income meet the requirements of his young family, and many were the excursions which young Fritz had to take to his grandmother, in Hof, who, for a merely nominal payment, often assisted in re-

plenishing the exhausted larder of the honest minister of Joditz. In the autumn, after the seven hours lessons, for the father was a rigid disciplinarian, the two boys, Paul and Adam, counted it one of their greatest pleasures to be permitted to accompany him into his little potato plot on the other side of the Saale, where they by turn assisted him in collecting the potatoes which he dug for the family supper, and gathered nuts from the hazel bushes by which the field was surrounded. Such were the simple joys which gladdened Jean Paul's childhood, and to which he constantly recurs with ever increasing fondness. Through the patronage of Frau von Plotho, the exertions of the disinterested and indigent minister were rewarded by his being made pastor to the market-town of Schwarzenbach. Thus in each of his removals he followed the course of the Saale.

Insignificant as this offspring of the pine clad summits of Central Europe must appear, to those who only know it on the map—to those who, as we, have seen it either in summer when it winds like a silver thread through the dark foliage of the Fichtelgebirge, or when the autumn rains have sufficiently filled its stony bed to permit it to bear upon its bosom the timber rafts, which, having been cut down and constructed in this little mountain island, are carried by its current into the Elbe and the ocean; or in winter, when it noiselessly glides under its hard, bright, covering of ice, or in spring when the snows having dissolved on the surrounding hills, swelling the little brooks, its tributaries, it bursts the icy manacles in which it has lain fettered through the long winter months, and

comes boiling and bubbling along, bearing with it the debris of its prison-house;—it will always be remembered as one of the most beautiful and picturesque of German rivers: and perhaps it was the murmur of this mountain stream, that first awaked the poetic nature that was lying dormant in the boy. Like the river too, so peaceful was his course through the mountain heights of childhood, whose gentle ripple seemed but a prelude to the storms and tempests of the great ocean of life towards which he was hurrying. During Paul's three years residence in Schwarzenbach, he devoted himself zealously to self improvement, and here he commenced copying in manuscript all works that attracted his attention, of which alone, before his 20th anniversary, he had collected a considerable library. When sixteen, he was transferred to the Gymnasium (public school), in Hof, where he remained for two years, during which time he was left, by the death of his father, the mainstay and support of his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. At eighteen, he entered the University of Leipzig, almost without funds, and his outward college life was a series of struggles with poverty, in which it required all his natural buoyancy and trustfulness, to prevent his succumbing to this dire foe. His inner life at this time is far more difficult to describe. His friends' wish was that he should follow the profession of his father and grandfather, hence his studies were principally ethical. It must be remembered that the moral and religious world of Germany was suffering from the beginning of that revolution from which it is only now recovering, and

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whose effects have been scarcely less gigantic than those of the French, with which it was intimately connected. We of course refer to the progress of infidelity, which, in the form of rationalism, spread through the length and breadth of the land. It was not to be expected that the young student should escape the contagion of the disease, which had turned the heads of the wisest of his countrymen ; but his heart was too warm to permit him to be led away for long into the dreary mazes of scepticism, and his head was too clear not to perceive that the conclusions that resulted in atheism, were equally unphilosophical with those that tended to the opposite extreme of superstition. Besides his theological and classical studies, he devoted considerable time to the acquirement of the French and English languages, in whose literatures he soon became deeply interested. Of Gallic Authors, Voltaire and Rousseau were his favorites, whilst he speaks with great enthusiasm of Shakspeare, Pope and Swift, as the most excellent of Anglican writers.

But whilst devoting himself with the utmost ardour to the cultivation of his intellect, those of his Leipzig letters that have been preserved, breathe the purest affection and most cordial sympathy for his mother, whose weak though amiable nature tended greatly to aggravate her trials. Paul too had his trials ; the remittances from Hof were like angels' visits, and often, notwithstanding his excessive frugality, he knew not where to procure food for his evening meal, or wood for his fire. It was not to be wondered at, under these circumstances, that he should wish to

adopt some plan by which to relieve himself from his pecuniary embarrassments, and to become a support, instead of being a burden, to his bereaved parent. She in her letters strongly urges him as soon as possible to don the clerical frock, but this step was much against his tastes, and he constantly reminds her of the cost of the license, which by both mother and son, was regarded as an almost insuperable obstacle. It was now that he thought of writing as a means of obtaining bread ; yes, gentle reader, frown if you will and scorn the man, who could write from such mean and sordid motives ; it matters little how you may be affected by the circumstance, but it is, and remains a fact, that our hero was poor, and that his first books were composed with the duns at the door, and want staring him in the face from every part of his little, half furnished room in the Peterstrasse. Singular in all things, the titles of his works were almost as singular as their contents and style. His first essay was entitled the "Praise of Folly," for which he in vain attempted to find a publisher ; he did not however permit himself to be discouraged by this ill-success, but set vigorously to work again, and in six months had completed his second effort, "Greenland Lawsuits." This he managed to dispose of for fifteen louis d'or. These two effusions of his pen consisted of satires on a variety of subjects, and are only interesting to us as his first essays, and also for the frank and fearless manner in which he espouses those principles of civil and religious liberty, that were always so dear to him, and from which he never swerved. Encouraged by the success of the first

volume of his "Greenland Lawsuits," he wrote a second, for which he received 120 thalers, but by which we are afraid his publisher was a loser, for he could not be persuaded on any terms to take a third, which the fertile brain of Paul had soon produced. The following extract is from the second volume. "Like the caterpillar, man crawls for a while on the earth; he is then received by it, in the wooden chrysalis, the coffin, where he rests throughout the winter; in the spring he breaks through the shell and rises out of the cold earth, with new and unsullied beauty." No wonder that when he went back to Hof for his vacation, not finding his book appreciated as he had expected, he should be greatly delighted by the enthusiastic admiration expressed for it by a young girl, his townswoman. Some letters passed between them of that peculiar description, yclept billet-doux, and matters went so far that he presented her with a manuscript book of extracts from the latest authors, and she, him with a ring; but it was a mushroom attachment, and we have reason to believe was broken off, without much regret by either party. About this time he gave up the queue and powder, which was then universally worn, as expensive and useless, and also otherwise altered his dress to suit his convenience: he had meanwhile exchanged his apartment in the Peterstrasse, for lodgings in a garden in the suburbs. A certain magister Gräfenheim had also his residence in this garden, and so indignant was he at meeting a person in his walks, who committed the monstrous impropriety of wearing no queue and a bare throat, that he was the ultimate means of

driving his poorer neighbour back to his town-lodgings. Here he continued to study and write, but as no one would buy his writings, he at length found it necessary to lay down his pen, and, to avoid the pertinacity of his more pressing creditors, to secure an outside place on the night coach for Hof, where he arrived in the winter of 1784, at the age of twenty-one. Thus ended the college life of Richter, not to him a time of extravagance and riot, as to many of our English youth; not a life of gaiety, with duels, beer drinking, and torch processions, by which the German too often relieves the monotony of his studies, but a course of rough and severe, though for his spirit, healthful discipline, a skirmishing ground on which the battle of life was begun by some hand-to-hand tussles with the gaunt giant, poverty. In one corner of the little trunk, the only luggage that he brought with him from Leipzig, was the manuscript of a second satire, which bore the extraordinary title of a "Selection from the devil's papers." It, like its predecessors, contained much that was excellent, but was even less successful; as has been said, the public taste demanded pap and treacle, and not this fiery sort of curry. As specimens of its general style, we here give two thoughts taken from it. "This earth is but a little back alley in the city of God,—a dark closet full of confused and distorted pictures from a more beautiful world—the border of God's creation—an atmosphere of vapours round a better sun—the numerator to an, as yet, invisible denominator—verily it is almost nothing." "To man is given the difficult double task of raising his soul heavenwards, and satisfying

his material wants, as the chamois climbs upwards as he feeds; or of weaving his earthly into his future life, as the moon, though revolving round the earth, nevertheless journeys round the sun."

It was during our hero's residence in Hof, in the maternal house, after his final departure from Leipzig, that he contracted the most enduring friendship of his life, a friendship which will bear comparison with any of which history, either sacred or profane, has given us an account. Christian Otto was the son of a Lutheran pastor of tolerably affluent circumstances, and proved himself to be at once a most kind and devoted friend and a patient and impartial critic to the young author. In the little room in his mother's house in Hof, in the midst of all kinds of domestic duties and disturbances, Richter pursued a most unflinching course of study and writing; six hours he devoted to actual transcribing, and his remaining time to composition; the latter was always with him an out-door employment, and it is not surprising that the beautiful scenery through which he wandered, should have deeply affected so ardent a temperament. Notwithstanding his own actual want, Richter contrived to spare a louis d'or for a still poorer friend, Herman, one of his schoolfellows, a youth of considerable scientific and literary acquirements, but whose sickly body was ill suited for a restless and ever active mind. His struggles too for existence at college had been as severe as those of his friend, but his constitution being different, his health at length gave way to the double attacks of his mind within and the world without; the sword wore out its scabbard, and Richter

had one friend the less. Paul's pecuniary difficulties were fortunately greatly lessened by the request of Adam von Oerthel (another of his college friends) that he would become tutor to his youngest brother. This offer he gladly accepted, but did not find it what he expected, as Herr von Oerthel the father, was narrow-minded, miserly, and cold-hearted, and his pupil had none of those endearing qualities that characterised his brother. Still his position was bearable as long as his friend Adam was there to cheer and support him with kindness and sympathy, but at length he died, and then Richter determined to return to his mother at Hof, not much the richer for his three years tutorship. He now consented to become teacher to the children of three of his friends and patrons in Schwarzenbach, and resided by turn with each. Into his employment he threw his whole soul, and his system of instruction may be justly called education; he did not pile fact upon fact until the mind of the little possessor was wearied and disgusted, but he carefully led his pupils to think for themselves, and watched with anxious interest, the development of the powers of their minds, even keeping a manual of any sayings which evinced reflection on their part. In the spring of 1790, he commenced his first great work, "The Invisible Lodge." Previous to this he had, as he himself says, been working in a vinegar manufactory, that is to say, his writings had been marked by a bitter satire, which was no part of his real nature. As soon as he had completed this experiment, he sent it to Moritz of Berlin, who was extremely delighted with it, and

offered the hitherto despised author thirty ducats for his manuscript. The same evening he received this unexpected and most welcome remittance, he walked by the light of the stars from Schwarzenbach to Hof, to the miserable little apartment so dear to him, as "home." There he found his careworn mother, though late, still sitting over her wheel, and he hesitated not a moment to empty his hard-won treasure into her lap. In the "Invisible Lodge," Richter has endeavoured to represent most of the friends of his youth; he has also given us some portions of his biography, clothed in a poetic garb, together with many of his peculiar ideas on education. This romance was never finished; in his preface to it, when preparing in his old age an edition of all his works for the press, he says, "The whole world's history is but an unfinished romance, on this side the grave we see the entanglements, on the other we shall see the unravellings."

The plan of the story is, that its hero, Gustavus, is brought up until he is some ten years old in a cave underground, having intercourse only with his tutor (called by J. P. "the genius") who teaches him as much as is compatible with his tender years, and who tells him that death is most desirable, for that then he will be admitted into a more beautiful and better world.

With this short introduction, we will translate the "Resurrection Scene," as it perhaps gives a better idea of this work than any other selection we could make.

"Four priests stand in the vast cathedral of nature,

and worship on God's altars, the mountains: grey icy winter, with the snow white ephod; autumn laden with harvests, that it lays on God's altars and that man may take; the fiery youth summer, who works till nightfall that he may worship; and lastly, child-like spring in his white adornment of blossoms, which he sprinkles before the great spirit, and in his worship all that hear him join. And assuredly for the children of men is the spring the most beautiful priest. This flower-clad worshipper was the first that the little Gustavus saw at the altar. Before sunrise on the first of June, the genius knelt down and prayed with upraised hands and dumb trembling lips, a prayer that embraced the whole future life of Gustavus. A flute from above toned forth a loving welcome, and the genius himself overcome said, 'It calls us from earth to heaven, come with me, my Gustavus.' The little one trembled between joy and fear. The flute continues. They go together up the ladder—two anxious beating hearts throb wildly with anxiety and expectation; the genius throws the door open by which the world had been shut out, and lifts his charge on to the earth with the blue sky above him. Now the great waves of the living sea burst over Gustavus; breathless, and with eye and heart overcome with emotion, he views the immeasurable face of nature, and trembling draws closer to his genius. But when after the first entrancement he opens his heart to these streams, as he feels the thousand arms with which the great spirit of the universe draws him to itself, as he notices the green spring flowers, which he fears to crush to death with his light step,

as his eye directed upwards wanders through the expanse of heaven, the opening of infinitude, as he shudders lest the great masses of dark cloud from above should fall and overwhelm him, as he sees the mountains standing like new worlds on ours, as he finds himself surrounded by an infinite number of existences on all sides, birds, quadrupeds, insects, and the giant trees, that stretch their living arms towards him, as the morning wind fans his burning cheek, and seems to him like the mighty breath of an approaching genius, and lastly, as his burdened vision follows the course of a butterfly, as it noiselessly wings its way from flower to flower, and finally settles on a leaf; the sky begins to redden, and throwing aside the fringe of night's dark mantle, there appears on the horizon, like a crown of God fallen from the throne of the Deity, the sun. Gustavus cries, 'There stands God,' and with dazzled heart and eye, and the most fervent prayer his childish bosom can contain, throws himself upon the turf. Again, throw open thy eyes, thou dear one; no longer is their gaze directed on the fiery lava orb, thou liest on thy mother's breast, and her heart within is thy sun and thy God. For the first time, behold the indescribably sacred mother's smile; for the first time, hear the maternal voice; for the two first to meet thee in paradise are thy parents. O heavenly hour! The sun shines, every dew-drop glistens with his rays, tears fall from the eyes of four mortals, who stand moved and happy on an earth—far distant from heaven. Oh destiny veiled in obscurity! Will our death be like that of Gustavus? Obscure fate, that

sits behind our earth, as were it a mask, and gives us a little time to be ; Oh, when death lays us low, and a great genius raises us from our narrow vault into heaven, when then our souls are overwhelmed by its glories and joys, wilt thou there also give us a well known bosom upon which to turn our newly awakened eye ? Oh fate, wilt thou there restore to us what we here can never forget ? No eye will be turned upon this page, that has not wept something here, that it hopes to find again there. Alas ! after this life full of death, will no well-known form meet us to whom we can say, welcome ? Man's destiny remains dumb behind the mask, his tear stands upon the grave, and the sun beams not into the tear ; but our loving heart dies not in immortality and before the presence of the Almighty it lives."

Schiller, when in after life speaking of his "Robbers" says, that his greatest error lay in attempting to depict men before he knew any, and this we think was the case with Jean Paul.

In his "Invisible Lodge" he introduces us with the utmost freedom to noblemen, courtiers, and princes, when as yet his study of character had been restricted to the farmers and country parsons of his native district. After the publication of this work, Richter continued to reside in Schwarzenbach, faithfully fulfilling the duties of tutor to his young pupils, and occupying his leisure hours with the preparation of his *Hesperus*. He at this time kept a kind of "Book of Devotion," in which he put down the most rigid rules for his every day life, and what a life it was ! It does one good in the dreary annals of self-

ishness, which make up the sum of the world's history, here and there to meet with, alas, at long intervals, the lives of such men, who make love and affection for their kind, the guiding principles of their conduct, and learn to find their happiness in the prosperity of their fellows. All who came to him for assistance and consolation, he, if possible, assisted and consoled, and by so doing, although it kept him on the verge of want, we doubt not he obtained more inward comfort and satisfaction, than if he had grown rich by following to the letter, the maxims of "Poor Richard's Almanack." He had a passionate love for nature, spending as much of his time as possible in long rambles, and no poet so nearly embodied "Beattie's Ideal," when he says :—

"Lo! where the stripling wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice, o'erhung with pine ;
And sees on high amidst the encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrent shine,
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.

"And oft he traced the uplands to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake dim gleaming on the smoky lawn ;
Far to the west, the long long vale withdrawn.
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo ! the sun appears, and heaven, earth and ocean
smile.
And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost."

We might make the quotation longer, but let this suffice. The *Hesperus*, the work by which Jean Paul is best known out of Germany, did not meet with the reception that the success of the "Invisible Lodge" had led him to expect, and for it he only received 200 florins, £18. From it we make two selections: the one is part of an extra leaf on the "Wilderness and Promised Land of Mankind," which, after long and somewhat obscure remarks, he thus beautifully concludes.

"A golden age will one day come, which already every wise and virtuous man enjoys, when individuals, but not peoples will sin, when man will not have more joy, but more virtue, when the people will take part in thinking, and the thinker in working, when military, as well as judicial murder will be universally condemned, and cannon-balls will be only seen when turned up by the plough. When this happy time shall arrive, our children's children will have ceased to be. We now stand in the evening and see the sun go down amid crimson clouds, that promise a peaceful, calm, sabbath for mankind, but our successors will have to wander through a stormy night, through a poisonous fog, till at last a pure, fresh, morning wind shall rise over a happier world and dispel the clouds. Centuries have been, where mankind, eye-bound, was led from one prison to another; there can be no other centuries, but those in which individuals sink as peoples rise, when peoples fall, as humanity rises, and when the human race itself sinks, falls, and ends, when the globe dissolves. What then consoles us? A veiled eye behind time, an infinite heart beyond

the grave. There is a higher arrangement than we can show. There is a providence in the world's history as in each one's life, that the reason boldly rejects, and the heart boldly accepts. There must be a providence, which, by rules unknown to us, connects this earth as daughter-land to a higher city of God—there must be a God, a virtue, an eternity."

The other is a portion of Emanuel's letter on God, which we will leave to speak for itself.

"Oh, Julius, Julius, said I, the earth is great—but the heart that rests upon it is greater than the earth or sun, for it alone thinks the greatest thought. Suddenly a cool breeze rose where the sun had just set. The whole atmosphere was in motion, and a broad air-stream, in whose current the forests bowed their lofty tops, swept through the heavens. The altars of nature, the mountains, were overlaid with black mourning—we ourselves were enveloped in mist—the heavens were shut out from our view. At the foot of the black vault, played transparent lightnings, and the thunders rolled around its base. The storm rose and tore it to pieces; it drove the floating remnants of its prison through the ether, and cast the huge masses of vapour below the horizon; and long it continued to sweep over the plain. But behind the curtain that it tore away, there shone forth that most beautiful of all things, a star-bespangled sky. Like a sun, the greatest thought that man can think rose in my breast. My soul was overwhelmed when I gazed into the heavens, and it was exalted when I looked upon the earth. For the Eternal has inscribed His name in glittering stars in the sky, and has written it in gentle flowers on the earth. * * *

“We kneel here on this little earth before infinitude, before the immeasurable universe floating above us, before the radiant vault of space. Raise thy soul and understand what I say unto thee. Thou hearest the whirlwind that drives the clouds round the earth, but thou hearest not the whirlwind that drives the earth round the sun, nor the greatest whirlwind that bears the suns themselves, round a Hidden All. Step from the earth into the empty ether; here rest awhile and see how it has shrunk to a flying mountain range, that, with six others, ever journeys round the sun; mountains, with attendant little hills, rise and sink before thee in the sunlight—then, behold the round, flashing, lofty vault, built of suns, through which the eternal night, in which it stands, looks in. Thou mayest fly for thousands of years, yet wilt thou not stand upon the last sun, nor step out into the night beyond. Thou mayest shut thine eye and throw thyself with the speed of thought over the abyss, and over the entire visible heaven, and when thou again openest it, rushing streams will cross thy path, of bright waves of suns, and dark drops of earths, and in the east and the west, will stand to thee unknown systems, and the fiery wheel of a new milky-way will revolve in the stream of time. Yes, when an all-powerful hand should lift thee quite beyond our heaven, and thou lookedst back, and fixedst thine eye on the sea of suns that gradually paled and dried up with distance, till at last creation hung as a faint still cloud, deep in the night, thou mightest then think thyself alone, and look around thee, and thou wouldest see as many suns and constellations blaze above, below, around, and

the faint little cloud would hang still fainter among them ; and upon the whole dazzling empyrean would be countless, faint, small, clouds.

“Oh, Julius, Julius, between the rushing hills of fire, between the milky-ways, hurled from one abyss to the other, there floats a small dust made of six thousand years and the human race. Oh ! Julius, who is it that looks upon and cares for that fluttering grain, made up of all our hearts ? The sea of worlds without shore or bottom, flows here, and ebbs there. The moth, the earth, hovers round and round the sunlight, and at last flies into it and is destroyed. Oh ! Julius, who regards and takes care of the fluttering dust on the moth, in the midst of an ever-changing chaos ? Oh ! Julius, when each moment sounds the death-knell of a man and a world ! when time extinguishes the planets like sparks, and crushes calcined suns to powder, when the constellations, like distant lightnings, pierce through the darkness, when one system of worlds after the other is drawn down into the abyss, and the everlasting grave is never full, and the everlasting heaven never empty ; Oh ! Julius, who regards and supports us poor beings of dust ? Thou all merciful One, Thou supportest us, Thou infinite One, Thou, Oh, God ! Thou formest us, Thou seest us, Thou lovest us. Oh ! Julius, raise thy spirit and listen to the greatest thought that man can think. Where eternity is, where immensity is, and where the night begins, an infinite Spirit stretches forth its arms, and lays them around the great falling universe, and bears it and warms it. I, and thou, and every man, and every angel, and every worm, rest on His

bosom, and the surging, boiling sea of suns, and worlds, is but a child in His arms. He looks through the sea, in which trees of coral full of worlds rest, and sees on the tiniest coral, the little worm which am I, and He gives to the worm the nearest drop and a blessed heart, and a future, and an eye that reaches up to Thee, yes, Oh, God! up to Thee, up to Thy heart.

“Deeply moved, Julius said, with tears in his eyes, Thou seest, Oh Spirit of love, me also, poor blind boy ; come into my soul when I am alone, and the soft rain falls upon my cheek, and I feel an unutterable love. Oh ! Thou good, great, Spirit, assuredly I have already felt and loved Thee.

“Emanuel, tell me yet more, tell me His thoughts and His beginning. God is eternity—God is truth—God is holiness—He has nothing, He is everything—the whole heart compasses Him, but no thought.

“Everything infinite and wonderful in man is His reflection ; but to penetrate further, seek not. Creation hangs as a veil, woven of suns and spirits, over the infinite One, and eternities pass over the veil and draw it not aside from the glory which it hides.”

The firm conviction that this life is but the preparation for the next, but the school to a higher, a holier, and a happier state of being, is well expressed in a few lines at the conclusion of one of his minor writings at this time.

“Yes, truly, our earth is in the shade. But man is higher than his resting place ; he looks upwards and spreads out the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes that we call sixty years are over, he rises, and the ashes of his plumage fall away, and the soul,

without aught of the grossness of earth, and pure as a melody, ascends into heaven. But even here, in the midst of his dim, obscure life, he sees the mountain tops of the future world glow in the beams of a sun that does not rise here below. Thus the inhabitant of the North Pole, in the long winter night, during which the sun never rises, sees at mid-day, an Aurora that gilds the loftiest peaks around him, and he thinks of his long summer, when his sun will never set."

"Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces" was his next great work. It is principally a description of the struggles with poverty of Siebenkäs, the Poors' advocate, a theme on which he was quite at home, and could write volumes. In it occurs the remarkable dream of the "Dead Christ," a composition so conspicuous for its boldness and originality, that it was deemed worthy of translation, and insertion in Madame de Stael's "Allemagne." It was when under the influence of *phantasieren* on the piano, an exercise of which he was excessively fond, that Jean Paul composed his dreams,* a kind of writing in which he succeeded, perhaps better than in any other.

We here attempt the following translation of this grand and striking dream.

* If my heart were so miserable, that every feeling that pointed to the existence of a God were destroyed, I would terrify myself with this my essay, and it would cure me and give me back my feelings.

NOTE OF THE TRANSLATOR.—Before seeing this dream in the original, we had read the excellent translations of Messrs. Carlyle and Noel, and though we have not intentionally copied

“The object of this conception must serve as the apology for its boldness. Some men deny the existence of God, with as little feeling as most of us grant it. Even in our true systems, we collect but words, counters, and medals, like avaricious antiquaries, and not till long afterwards, do we exchange the words for feelings, the coins for enjoyments. One may for twenty years believe in the immortality of the soul, and only in the twenty-first, in some great moment, awake to full consciousness of the glorious character of this belief, of the warmth of this naphtha spring. Even so was I terrified by the poisonous fog that envelopes him, who for the first time enters the atheistic seminary. I could with less pain deny immortality than the deity; in the one case I lose only a world hidden by clouds, in the other I lose this present world, that is to say its sun. The whole spiritual universe is burst and shattered by the hand of atheism, into countless separate existences, that run and wander together, into and out of one another, without unity or permanency. None is so utterly alone in the universe, as the denier of God; with an orphaned heart, that has lost the greatest of fathers, he mourns upon the immeasurable corpse of nature, that no master spirit governs and sustains, but that grows in its grave, and he mourns until he himself crumbles away from the huge corpse beside him. The whole world lies before him, like the great

from either, we have doubtless imbibed a good deal of the spirit of their versions, and should therefore wish respectfully to acknowledge our obligation.

half-in-sand-imbedded sphinx, and the universe is the cold iron mask of a shapeless eternity. It is also my object in this composition to inspire with dread those deeply read professors, who, since they like day labourers, have worked in the water-works and mines of critical philosophy, discuss the being of a God, as coolly and cold heartedly as if it were merely a question as to the existence of the kraken or the unicorn. For others who are not so far advanced as these learned professors, I will merely remark, that it is quite possible to unite the belief in Atheism with that in immortality; for the same necessity that cast my bright dew-drop of being in a flower calyx and under a sun, can in the second, recreate it; indeed, a second embodiment is easier than a first.

“When we are told in childhood, that the dead at midnight, when our sleep reaches near unto the soul and even darkens our dreams, rise from their slumbers, and mimic the service of the living in the churches, we shudder at death, because of the dead, and in the stillness and solitude of night, turn away our gaze from the long windows of the silent church, afraid to ask ourselves whether their glitter is caused by the moonlight, or not. Childhood’s terrors even more than its raptures in dreams again take wing, and play like glow-worms in the little night of the soul. Quench not these little fluttering sparks! Leave us even our dark, painful, dreams as half shadows of reality. And what could compensate us for our dreams, which bear us away from under the roar of the waterfall into childhood’s smooth tableland, where the stream of life glides silently, and like a mirror of heaven towards its precipices.

“ One summer’s evening I lay me down on a mountain side and slept, and dreamed that I awoke in a church-yard. The tower-clock was striking eleven. I sought the sun in the void night heaven, as I thought it was hidden by an eclipse. All the graves were unclosed, and the iron doors of the charnel house were opened and shut by invisible hands. On the walls were shadows that no one threw, and other shadows stalked upright in mid air. In the open coffins none now slept, but the children. In the sky there hung a grey sultry fog, that a giant shadow like a net drew ever nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant roar of avalanches ; under me the first shock of an immeasurable earthquake. The church swayed to and fro, torn by two ceaseless discords, that strove in vain to unite in harmony. Now and again a gray glimmer ran along the windows, and the lead and iron fell down molten ; the net of fog and the heaving earth, drove me towards the temple, at whose entrance, in two poisonous nests, brooded two basilisks. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom centuries long passed away were impressed. All the shadows were grouped round the altar, and in each the breast heaved and throbbed in place of a heart. One corpse that had but just been buried in the church, lay still upon his pillow, and his smiling features betrayed the presence of a happy dream. But as a living man entered he awoke and smiled no longer ; he unclosed with pain his tightly sealed eyelid, but within there was no eye, and instead of a heart, there was a wound in his beating breast. He raised his hands and folded

them to pray, but the arms lengthened out, and the clasped hands fell away from his body. Above, on the roof of the church stood the dial plate of eternity, that bore no figure, and was its own index; only one black finger pointed to it, and the dead sought to read the time on it. At this moment there sank upon the altar a lofty noble form, having the expression of a never-ending sorrow, and all the dead cried 'Christ, is there no God?' He answered 'There is none.' Now, not only the breasts of the dead, but every limb quivered, and one by one melted away. Christ continued—I traversed the worlds, I ascended into the suns, and flew with the constellations through the wildernesses of the heavens—but there is no God. I ascended as far as being throws its shadow, and gazed into the abyss beyond, and cried 'Father, where art thou?' but I only heard the everlasting storm, that no power governs, and the great rainbow of existence stood, without the sun that formed it, over the abyss, and fell by drops into it. And, as I gazed upwards, into the immeasurable universe for the divine eye, I saw nothing but the empty bottomless eye-socket, and eternity lay upon chaos, and gnawed it and ruminated it. Shriek on, ye discords, rend the shadows with your cries, for He is not. The shadows dissolved like hoar frost at the approach of the warm breath, and all was void. Then came into the church—terrible for the heart to behold—the dead children, who were now awaked in the graveyard, and threw themselves before the lofty form at the altar, and said 'Jesus, have we no father?' And he answered,

with streaming eyes, 'We are all orphans, I and you, we are without a father.'

"Thereupon the discords shrieked more fiercely, the quivering walls of the temple fell asunder, and the temple and the children sank down, and the earth and the sun followed, and the whole structure of worlds sank after them in its infinitude; and above—on the summit of infinite nature, stood Christ—and looked into the universe, traversed by a thousand suns, as into a mine dug out of the everlasting night, in which the suns are the miners' lamps, and the milky ways the veins of silver. And as Christ saw the crushing confluence of worlds, the torch dance of celestial meteors, and the coral bank of beating hearts, and when he beheld how one orb after another emptied out her gleaming souls into the sea of death, as a fire-ball strews floating lights on the waves—sublime as the loftiest finite being, he lifted up his eyes to the nothingness and to the immeasurable void and said, 'Empty void nothingness, cold eternal necessity! Insane chance! Know ye what is beneath you? When will you destroy the building and me? Chance, knowest thou thyself, when with hurricanes thou sweepest through the starry firmament and extinguishest sun after sun, and when the sparkling dew of stars twinkles its last as thou passest by! How lonely is every one in the wide charnel of the universe! I am alone by myself. Oh, Father! Oh, Father! where is thine infinite bosom, whereon I may rest; alas, if every being be its own father and creator, why can it not also be its own destroying angel? Is that a man near me? Thou

poor one! Your little life is the sigh of nature, or only its echo. A concave mirror throws its rays on the dust clouds, the ashes of the dead upon your earth, and thus yon cloudy tottering images are formed. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes float. Mists, full of worlds, arise from the sea of death. The future is a rising vapour, the present a falling one.' Here, Christ looked down and his eyes filled with tears, and he said, 'Ah, I too was once upon it, then I was happy, for I had still my infinite Father, and gazed joyfully from the hills to the immeasurable expanse of heaven, and pressed my pierced breast on his healing image, and cried, even in my cruel death, Father, take thy Son out of his bleeding frame, and lift him up to thy heart. Ah, ye too, too happy dwellers of earth, ye still believe in him. Perhaps at this moment your sun is setting, and ye fall amid blossoms, radiance and tears, and clasp your blessed hands and cry amid a thousand tears of joy. Thou knowest me too, thou Eternal one, and all my wounds, and wilt receive me after death and close them all. Unhappy ones, after death, they will not be closed. When the man of sorrows lays himself with sore wounded back in the earth, to slumber towards a lovelier morning full of truth, full of virtue and of joy, he awakes in the tempestuous chaos, in the everlasting midnight, and no morning cometh, and no healing hand, and no infinite father. Mortal, who art near me, if thou still livest, worship him, else thou hast lost him for ever.' And as I fell down and gazed into the gleaming fabric of worlds, I saw the raised rings of the giant serpent of eternity, that lay

coiled around the universe, and she encircled it doubly and wound herself thousandfold around nature, and crushed the worlds together, and grinding them, squeezed the infinite temple of God's universe into one vast grave ; and everything became confined, gloomy, and terrible, and an immeasurable out-stretched bell-hammer was about to strike the last hour of time, and split creation asunder—when I awoke. My soul wept for joy that it could again worship God, and the joy and the tears and the belief in Him were the prayer. And when I rose, the sun gleamed brightly from behind the full golden ears of corn, and peacefully threw the reflection of his evening glory round the little moon, that was rising in the east without an aurora ; and between heaven and earth, a glad fleeting world stretched out its wings, and lived like me in the presence of the infinite Father, and from all nature around me, there arose peaceful tones as from distant evening bells."

Shortly after the publication of *Siebenkäs*, at the earnest request of his literary friends, who had learned to know and love him in his writings, Richter visited Weimar. To this place the great names of Goethe and Schiller had attracted a literary coterie of almost all the great Germans of the age, and here they endeavoured in each others' intercourse and society to find consolation for the national extinction of their country that was apparently impending. By these distinguished men, Jean Paul was received and welcomed as one of themselves. He visited Schiller, Goethe, Wieland and Herder, the last of whom had long been the object of his sincerest admiration, and

the two authors now formed a friendship that lasted till death. But although in Herder he was not disappointed, yet from one of his subsequent letters we clearly see that he now lost much of the reverence which he had previously entertained, for those who stood at the summit of the German Parnassus. He thus writes after two weeks spent in the society of the most famous philosophers and poets of the age. "What Jean Paul gains, humanity loses in his eyes. Alas! for my ideal of great men! I soon threw away my prejudices for great authors. They are like other people. Here every one knows that they are like the earth, that looks from a distance from Heaven, like a shining moon, but when the foot is upon it, it is found to be made of mud." Not long after this visit his mother died, and thus the last tie that bound him to Hof was severed. Nevertheless he did not leave this city, to which long residence had made him much attached, without regret, more especially as his friend Otto still continued to reside there. He first went to Leipzig, and thence after a short stay to Weimar, where he zealously prosecuted his writings, for which he now no longer had any difficulty in finding a publisher. It was under the kindly influence of his intercourse with his Weimar friends, who could understand and appreciate him, that he finished the first volume of the *Titan*, the work which Germans consider his masterpiece. Here also he penned an essay on Charlotte Corday, from which we translate the following copious extracts:—

"Her life was a fit precursor of her death. The Greeks and Romans and the great authors of her own

time had made her a republican before the republic. She was bold even in her religious belief. When asked at the revolutionary tribunal if she had a confessor, she replied, 'None.' * * * From this we clearly see that it was no religious fanaticism that consecrated the sword of this virgin destroying angel. Spite of all the fire of her inner being, and all the charms of her person, she was a stranger to love, and esteemed men but little; because the soul of a woman seeks a higher being, and her sublime spirit could not even find its equal. When the president with wonted brutality asked her a question that touched her honor, she calmly replied, 'I neither met with nor knew a man that was worthy of me, for Marat still lived.' Woman's province seemed to her, narrow, limited, and confined. 'Republican Frenchmen,' she wrote to Barbaroux, 'cannot understand how a woman whose life at its longest stretch is but of little use, should calmly sacrifice it to the fatherland.' * *

"When even ordinary women live more in the ideal than we, inasmuch as they think more with the heart, we more with the head, and endeavour therefore by the vividness of an imaginary to compensate for the narrowness of their real life, it is still more the case with women of a finer mould, in whom their loftier intellect obeys their finer feeling, not as with us, governs it, and whose misfortune is therefore commonly as great as their worth.

"Charlotte Corday, living in an age of liberty, and at a time when her fatherland rose and loudly demanded its emancipation, was inspired and inflamed by the spring month of returning freedom to the

world. Her long hidden sacred fire burst forth with the universal enthusiasm, and the cherished ideals of her heart now became living realities, and seemed to point out her future course, her whole being kindling into action. This Corday lived to see the 'Mountain.' She lived to see on the 31st of May, the destruction of her fondest hopes, when liberty was compelled either to flee or die, when revolution followed revolution, and the state became a sea, in which the inhabitants did nought but prey upon and devour one another; when in the giant liberty nought remained sound and intact but the bloody fang, and Corday herself said, 'I am weary of living amid a fallen and degraded people.' She lived to see a Marat, that mean hypocritical, haughty, physically and morally detestable being, who drunken with blood, far more resembled a skulking vampire, than a lordly beast of prey. He hired, paid, and praised the assassins of September, yet slew not a man with his own hand, but only himself by his vices; who wished with the blood of 250,000 citizens, to water and nourish the young vine of liberty; who himself desired a dictator, showing how extremes meet, and who (according to Corday) was organizing by means of bribery a civil war. Yet two days before his death, he was spoken of in the convention as a French Cato, an immortal lawgiver and friend of the people; he for whose destroying angel new tortures were demanded, was unanimously declared an ornament of Pantheon, and in Corday's last night, was entombed amid long processions and the roar of cannon.

" 'Let us turn away,' said the Count, 'from this

loathsome animal, and refresh our vision by the contemplation of the noble heroine, who spurned the reptile with her foot, as she entered the triumphal archway of immortality." In Caen, a force of 60,000 men had been organized against the anarchy reigning in the capital. Corday, convinced that this great expedition was in reality directed against but one man, he who for four years had been the firebrand and assassin of France—Marat—thought joyfully to herself (as she subsequently said) 'You seek but one man, I can spare your blood by the shedding of mine and his alone.' She looked upon herself as a volunteer of the department of Calvados, therefore as a soldier against the states' enemy, not as the avenging Nemesis of a ruler. On the 2nd of June, the determination to die appeared like the angel to the apostle in prison. And as she saw so many youths journeying to Paris, in the hopes of liberty, but only there to find a grave, she gave her hand to the angel that was to lead her out of this life. 'Oh, could we but look deeper into her soul at this moment,' said the Count, 'When she said, my life is now over ; every cheerful prospect is closed to me. All that I have loved and hoped must be given up. Father, friends, children, earthly future, and everything that constitutes the happiness of those around me. Give me the funeral torch, instead of the bridal lamp, and let death's cold hand press his black seal upon my budding life.' It is well known that for a whole month after this, she kept her heroic purpose locked in her bosom. But how frivolous and small must have appeared to her at this time the cares and sorrows of life, how free

her heart, how pure each virtue, how clear each view. She now stands on the loftiest mountain's summit, and sees the thunder clouds come from below—not from above, and while those in the valley beneath anxiously watch the cloud and await the thunder clap, she feels herself neither shadowed by its vapour nor wet by its fall. By the lofty position of noble warrior, zealous republican, and God-inspired being, she considers herself amply compensated for the sacrifice of all domestic joys. On the 7th July, she started for Paris, after having written to her father, to prevent misunderstanding and paternal anxiety, that alarmed at the prospect of civil war, she had fled into England. Silent, without a sympathising or supporting friend, the girl of twenty-five parted from all those whom she loved, and in the warmest of life's seasons began the long journey to the altar, where she was to bleed. 'I found myself,' she wrote to Barbaroux, 'in the diligence, with honest mountaineers, who conversed at their ease; their talk, which was as foolish as their exterior was unattractive, did not a little to send me to sleep, from which I hardly awoke till I arrived in Paris.' With the same calm composure, with the same cool clear vision, she took the first, as she did the last step to the scaffold. The hero feels himself supported and inspired by the band he leads, and who surround him. This heroine went alone, with her own heart, and an invisible sword to the place of execution. She knew well that in Marat's dagger she bore freedom's sceptre, and rode although unseen by the blind populace (on her entering into Paris) in her car of triumph, and already

arrayed in the robes of a splendid futurity. Tranquility, calmness and coolness must have come to her spirit, in the firm belief that she, she alone, by her death would prevent a civil war and a civil massacre, and win more for her bleeding fatherland than a battle. Oh, happy, happy is he for whom God has provided some great idea, for which alone he lives and labours, that he values more than his joys, that ever young and fresh, hides from him the wearying monotony of life. * * * * *

“Thursday, the 11th of July, Charlotte Corday came to Paris, as to the place of execution of her fatherland, of her former inner life, and of her present outer one, like to the still white moon, rising apparently out of the hot hollow crater, as at Naples from Vesuvius. She went first to Duperret (an already proscribed Girondist, who was subsequently executed) handed him a letter from Barbaroux, and requested him to conduct her to the Minister of the Interior, of whom she wished to demand some papers for a friend. He excused himself to her, but promised to see and accompany her the following morning. On his return to his guests, he told them how striking and extraordinary the whole manner and bearing of the maiden had seemed to him. On Friday morning she sent a note to Marat, requesting an interview, alleging as her motive, republican secrets; she came herself in an hour, but in vain. This was in reality a second failure, for she had originally intended to have sacrificed him and consequently herself in the midst of the convention. Such trifling obstacles as the long journey, and hot weather, would have

extinguished the flame, which for a single evening, might have blazed with similar ardour in the breast of some impulsive fanatic. Corday remained body and soul, calm and firm. At length the honest Duperret came, her much-wished-for visit to the minister had been rendered useless; she found Duperret staunch, but reserved, and she therefore only earnestly begged him to withdraw himself from the convention, and to retire to Caen, where he would be of more use. As on the day of Marat's death, he wished to return her visit, she would not see him, not wishing to involve any one in her ruin. The lofty alpine rose had but one sharp thorn against but one man. On the evening of Friday, she wrote to Marat, and urged him more pressingly to see her on the morrow. Saturday came; not till now did she buy her dagger in the Palais Royal, and hide these scissiors of Atropos in her bosom. Upon this she repaired to Marat, with the double certainty that he would die by her hands, she by those of the populace. Though ill from his excesses and in his bath, he admitted her. She named to him freely all the enthusiastic Girondists of Caen and Evreux, who had conspired against the 'Mountain,' that is, all her own most intimate friends. 'Very well,' said he, 'in a few days I will have them all guillotined in Paris.' Suddenly the Nemesis assumed the form of Charlotte Corday, and turning the butcher knife of Marat against his own heart, thus ended his infamous life. But a gentle verdict will be passed by God and man on the hitherto stainless hand, that a higher spirit plunged into this foul blood. 'This judgment will be

given,' said the Count. 'Pure as the thunder cloud she once flashed forth lightning on the muddy earth, and then drew back into her native heaven. But how wonderfully did fate with the bath, and the last blood-thirsty words, point out the time and the spot for revenge. By similar chains of accidents, almost all villains have fallen. The Nemesis stands over the world with its avenging dart, beneath kneel the bad, with their eyes bound, and their breast reveals a black heart showing a fatal mark.' Calmly and without attempting flight, she permitted herself to be made prisoner. When the postmaster Drouet drove with her to the 'Abbaye,' and by reminding the people, who would have torn her in pieces, of the law, brought them to obedience, she fainted. When consciousness returned, she was much surprised, that the mob, whom she looked upon as an assemblage of savages, should have left her alive, and should have obeyed the law. The weeping of the women pained her deeply, but she added, 'Having saved the fatherland, what it costs matters little.'

"The sheath of the dagger, a little money, her baptismal register, and passport, a gold watch, and an 'address to the people' were found upon her. At the entrance of the Abbaye, a youth threw himself before her guards, with a request, that he might receive imprisonment and death in her stead: he suffered both, without saving her. Who drops a tear upon the dead, dies quickly after, says superstition; thus under despotism, the tear shed over the innocent victim kills. The whole night long the enthusiastic maiden spoke of the means of saving the republic.

‘I have done my part,’ she said (according to Drouet) ‘others must do the rest.’ At this time the noble Mainzer Adam Lux, heard of her, as an aristocrat and fanatic, but soon after one brave heart looked into a second, he met her on her triumph and funeral chariot on her way to the guillotine, and afterwards mounted it himself on the 10th of October, because he had written in defence of her and of freedom. * *

“And let no German forget him! But is not everything past, eclipsed and forgotten in the by-rushing present? What lofty forms rose out of the impure stream and glittered awhile and sank, as water-plants rise to the surface to blossom, and then sink again laden with fruit. * * * * *

“The third day of her imprisonment, (which Corday calls the second after her active preparation for her inner peace) she wrote the memorable letters to her father and Barbaroux. The opinion expressed in them on the dead Marat, possessed all its old severity, untouched by soft-heartedness for the dead. To the question of the revolutionary tribunal: ‘how she could consider him a monster, when he had given her admission on the receipt of a written complaint?’ she replied; ‘What was there in his being humane towards one and a savage to all besides?’ In her second letter to her father, she asked forgiveness for her self-sacrifice and said, ‘rejoice that you have given life to a daughter who knows how to die. Let none of my friends weep for me. Their tears would stain my memory, and I die happy.’ Her letter to Barbaroux she ended with these words:—‘To-morrow, at five o’clock, my trial commences, and the same day I hope to be in Ely-

sium with Brutus and others of the ancients ; for as to the moderns, I care not for them, they are so bad.' On Wednesday, the 17th, she stood before the revolutionary tribunal. What she there said, would, from another mouth, sound sublime ; but he who once attains to greatness, shows involuntarily and without effort, his elevation ; he inhabits as it were, a tableland. If we wonder at the sharp and cutting answers this gentle creature gave to the sanguinary council before which she stood, we must remember that no noble man could have done less, who found himself in the presence of these blood-stained judges of so many innocent souls ; men, who like the king-snake, coil their rings to resemble a refreshing fountain, to entice the animals, and then to surround and crush them. Corday's life had now but one free moment, in which to a number of questions, she made these replies :—' All honest men are my accomplices,' ' The French have not sufficient strength to be republicans,' and, after being mistaken for another woman, who endeavoured to obtain an interview with the butcher Legendre, she replied :—' You do not consider, that two such deeds could not have been done at the same time, and it was necessary to begin with Marat.' She received her sentence from the judge with the same cheerfulness with which she had passed it upon herself a month before. She thanked her counsel, the citizen Chauveau, for his courageous defence, and said she was not able to reward him, but requested him, as a token of her regard, to undertake the commission of defraying a small debt for her in the prison. In the evening she mounted the funeral

car, on which, for two long hours, she wended her weary way to the scaffold, hissed and howled at by the people for whom she died. She was bitterly alone, without a single companion of her heart, or of her fate. Quite unknown to her, she met in the Rue St. Honore, him who was the one, and soon became the other—Adam Lux of Mainz. Oh, why could not her gaze, that sought in vain in the frowning crowd for a heart like her own, find out and recognise this brother of her inner being. Why was this last joy denied her on earth? To see and to know that the companion and defender of her heart, and the future martyr of her deed, accompanied her to the grave, and then into it, and that a noble soul wept for hers, and then followed it. He was so near to her and witnessed her last moment. But he deserved to see her die. The whole spring-world in the republican's heart blossomed anew, as he saw the glorious calm upon the youthful form, in the red death robe; the unshaken intrepidity the whole long way to the scaffold in her proud and piercing eyes, and those gentle, sympathising, even tender looks, whose angelic mildness was as bitter to him as it was sweet, with which she received the ceaseless insult heaped on her by the mob. No, he who saw such a being live and suffer, could not weep for her, he could only imitate her. The heart struck by the electric fire of enthusiasm would not bear anything earthly near it; as among the ancients, sites struck by lightning were sacred. Calmly and peacefully Charlotte Corday mounted the scaffold, where she was to lay aside her earthly name, and greeted the furies under the guillotine so mildly, that even they

were stilled. Let us not linger upon this bloody spot, whence so many sighs and sorrows ring and echo back. * * An executioner severed her youthful locks, bared her shoulders * * and laid her blooming life between the gaping shears of fate—and it passed into the eternal world. Oh, not more than a moment can the earthly pain, the earthly death, have darkened her pure spirit, as the mountain-top at the poles hides the sun, but for a moment, between its setting and its rising. And thou, thou noble Mainzer, return with thy fired soul, and speak yet again the bold truth, and then come back to the scaffold. And let none weep over the lofty spirit, but let him offer, like her, what God demands of him, whether it be his life or less.”

And here let us pause a moment, as upon the eve of a most important epoch in the life of our hero: he is now no longer the poor unknown youth, who waits the reply of his publishers, to decide whether he shall, or shall not, give up his mid-day meal; he is read and admired from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Mediterranean; he is the favoured guest of princes, and communities delight to do him honour; more especially is he the object of the regard, admiration, reverence, and love of German women; the beautiful, exalted and gifted, deemed it an honour to be introduced to him, and many travelled hundreds of miles to see him. From the Queen of Prussia on her throne, down to the old Hausfrau who subsequently kept the cottage on the road from Baireuth to the Hermitage, where he composed his works, all the women with whom he came

in contact, were irresistibly fascinated, and many of their expressions of affectionate reverence are preserved in the journals and letters of that time. Whence this fascination, where this charm? We unhesitatingly answer, that it lay in his full appreciation of the female character, and in the unspotted purity of his life and writings. It was an admiration that a Byron could not earn, for with all his genius, he was a selfish, debauched voluptuary; it was an enthusiasm that goodness and virtue and truth could alone inspire, and it is an honour to German women, that they admired Jean Paul. The event to which we allude was his marriage. The winter of 1800 he spent at Berlin, where he was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm. The queen invited him to the palace of Sans Souci, and treated him with marked attention; whilst a splendid banquet was given to him at the York Lodge. He says in a letter written at this time, "I have a watch chain of the hair of three sisters, and so much hair has been begged of me, that were I to make it a traffic, I could live as well from the outside of my cranium, as from what is inside it!" It was at this party at the York Lodge, that he was introduced to the family of Geheimrath (counsellor) Meyer, that consisted of two unmarried daughters. Great pains had been bestowed upon their education by their father, a man of refined and liberal tastes, and his exertions had not been thrown away. Richter was accidentally placed next to Caroline, the youngest, at table, and was so much charmed with her beauty, simplicity, the mental culture which she displayed in her conversation, and perhaps above

all by her evident admiration for himself, that he requested her to present him to her father, and from that time, was a constant visitor at the residence of Counselor Meyer. Hearing from his daughter Jean Paul's wishes with respect to her, the Geheimrath at once expressed his entire concurrence and approbation. "My child," said he, "if the satisfaction of your father can add anything to your happiness, no union could give me so much joy." When we consider that at this time Richter had not a florin but what he received from his publisher, it was indeed on the part of Herr Meyer, in that worldly age of this worldly world, a most unworldly act, thus so cordially to give the hand of his daughter to one, who could most truly say, that all his property lay under his hat.

They were therefore betrothed and married, and now we shall see Jean Paul in quite a new character. After their wedding, which was privately celebrated, they spent a few weeks in the society of the venerable Herder, at Weimar, and after one or two intermediate wanderings finally removed to Baireuth. Jean Paul decided to settle here just two years after his marriage; and in the mean time, had been born him a son, and he had published the last volume of the *Titan* and the *Flegeljahre*. Of the former work, suffice it to say, that it is the most German and Jean Paulish of all his writings, and consequently presents the greatest difficulties to the English reader. From it we have only taken the two following short pieces; the one a prayer after sickness, that is replete with deep religious feeling; the other, the conclusion of an

extra leaf on forced marriages, in which, after infinite humour and much stern satire, he pathetically calls upon the mothers of Germany to consider the irreparable wrong they are doing their children.

AFTER SEVERE ILLNESS.

“And do I again look with blessed eyes into thy blooming world, thou all-loving creator, and weep for very joy? Why then did I despair? Why when I sank into darkness, and my beloved ones and the spring were far separated from me, was my weak heart afraid that there was no opening for me to light and life? For thou wast with me in the darkness, and thou ledst me out of the vault into the spring, and thy children were around me, and the bright heaven and all my smiling beloved ones. Thou ledest thy children up a high mountain into heaven and to thee, and they pass through the thunderstorm of life, overclouded, but not struck down, and only their eye is wet. But when I come to thee, when death again throws his dark cloud upon me and draws me away from all loved ones, into a deeper abyss, and thou, thou all merciful one, again freest me and bearest me into thy spring, so much more glorious, even than this; will then before thy judgment seat, my weak heart beat as joyfully as it now does, and will my human breast dare to breathe in thy celestial spring? Oh, make me pure in this earthly one, and let me here so live, as if I were already in thy heaven.”

CONCLUSION OF THE EXTRA LEAF ON FORCED
MARRIAGES.

“Mother of the poor heart that thou wouldst make happy by its wretchedness, listen to me. Suppose thy daughter at length steel herself to accept the proffered misery, hast thou not turned the rich dream of her existence to an empty sleep, and taken from it the verdant islands of love and the happy days spent on them, and the retrospect ever bright, when their blooming summits lie low on the horizon? Mother, if this happy time were thine, take it not from thy daughter, and if it were cruelly torn from thee, think of thy bitterest pang and let it not pass to her. Suppose even she make the robber of her soul happy, think what she would have been to its darling, and, if she deserve nothing better than to give pleasure to a jailor to whom she is for ever bound by a prison door. But this picture is too bright. Thou hast cast a dark shadow on the time when man basks in youth’s first morning sun. Oh, rather let all the other of life’s seasons be sad, they are all so like one another; the second, the third, the fourth; but at the sunrise of life, let it not rain, do not darken this never returning time. But if thou sacrifice not only joys, a happy marriage and a whole future race, but the being itself whom thou compellest to thy plans and commands, who can console thee, who can justify thee? Who can dry thy tears, if the best of daughters, for it is she who will obey, speak not but die, as the monks of La Trappe watched the burning

of their cloister, without any breaking his vow of silence. If she, dying with a seared heart, cannot longer hide from thee, that in the very spring time of her young life, she has borne about with her the chills and sorrows of winter; thou wilt not be able to console her, because thou hast destroyed her, and thy conscience will too justly call thee a child murderer? When at length the worn out victim expires under thy tears, and the young being so sad and early, so weary, yet longing for life, forgiving, yet complaining, sinks with longing and heart-rending looks into the bottomless river of death: Oh, guilty mother on the bank, thou that hast pushed her in, who shall console thee? But to the innocent I would cry out, and pointing to the sad death-scene, would earnestly ask, shall thy daughter also thus miserably perish?"

The *Flegeljahre* was received with universal enthusiasm; from it we subjoin a few short pieces containing ideas of singular beauty.

THE REFLECTION OF VESUVIUS IN THE SEA.

"Look how the flames leap beneath us, fiery streams surround the mountain in the deep, and devour the gardens and vineyards. Yet we glide securely over the flames, and our image smiles back out of the burning wave. Thus spoke the sailor, and gazed thoughtfully on the burning mountain. But I said: Thus the muse bears in its eternal mirror the heavy sorrow of the world, and even the unhappy look therein and are comforted."

CHILDREN.

“Ye little ones keep near to God ; the smallest world is nearest to the sun.”

DEATH UNDER THE EARTHQUAKE.

“The youth stood near his slumbering beloved in a myrtle grove ; the air around her slept, the earth was still, the birds were silent, and the very zephyr slumbered in the roses in her hair and disturbed not a lock. But the sea rose suddenly and its waves came to shore in huge living mountains. ‘Aphrodite,’ prayed the youth, ‘thou art near, thy sea rocks itself tempestuously, hear my prayer, lofty goddess, and unite the lover with his beloved.’ The ground coiled round his feet, an invisible net, the myrtles bowed towards him, and the earth thundered, and her gates flew open, and below in Elysium, the beloved one awoke, and by her side stood the happy youth, for the goddess had heard his prayer.”

THE NEAREST SUN.

“Beyond the suns, are suns in the infinite ether ; their distant ray has for thousands of years been winging its way to our little earth, and has not yet arrived. Oh, thou great loving God, scarcely has man’s spirit opened his little eye, before thy beams enter, thou sun of suns and of souls.”

THE DEATH OF A BEGGAR.

“An aged beggar once slept by the side of another poor man, and he groaned in his sleep. Then the other called to him, to awake him out of a troubled

dream, lest even the night should oppress his weary bosom. The beggar did not wake, but a light passed along the straw, and his companion looked at him more closely and saw that he was dead. God had awaked him out of a longer dream."

THE OLD.

"Yes, they are long shadows, and their evening sun lies cold upon the earth, but they all point to the morning."

THE KEY OF THE COFFIN.

"'Oh, thou lovely, much loved child, so strongly fastened in thy last dark dwelling place, I will always keep the key of thy prison house, and it shall never, never be opened.' Thus spake the bereaved mother, but her daughter flew past her, blooming and glorious heavenwards and cried, 'Mother, throw away the key; I am above, not below.'"

THOUGHT ON A WATERFALL.

"Above the stormy waterfall hovers the rainbow; thus the streams of time rush and tear along, but God stands in heaven, and above the surging wave rests the bow of his peace."

In Caroline, Richter found every quality of mind and heart that he had wished for in a wife, and when death, twenty years afterwards, came to call away the old man from his labours and honours, he found them even more fervently attached to one another, than when they were first betrothed.

The Flegeljahre had been published scarcely a year, when the Introduction to the Aesthetics appeared, and this was soon afterwards followed by "Levana," a work on education, in which subject, as we have already mentioned, Richter was deeply interested. Like most great men, he was fond of children and never wearied of their company; indeed he filled large volumes of manuscript with their sayings and doings. His next two works, "Dr. Katzenberger's Bath-journey" and "Attila Schmelze's Circular Letter" were purely humorous, and were intended to assist in raising a barrier to the undue influx and ascendancy of French literature, which at this period was much dreaded by all true Germans. Here then in Baireuth, the good man lived and wrote, and so even was the tenor of his life, that there was little to mark the flight of time, but the appearance of new books one by one, and the growth and improvement of his three children, a son and two daughters. In the summer he made short journeys, but he tells his wife that the part of them that gave him most pleasure, was his return to her.

In the morning he might often be seen with his poodle by his side and stout staff in his hand, walking towards the Hermitage, in the immediate vicinity of which he rented a little room, where, uninterrupted by domestic bustle, he could zealously prosecute his writings. Of animals he was excessively fond, and was very successful in taming them. His eldest daughter gives a graphic picture of the home of the poet in this little city, "When we were very small, we lived in a two story house; my father worked above in the attic. We crept on

our hands and feet up the stairs, and hammered at the trap door, until our father raised it, and after our admission closed it again, then he took from an old chest a broken drum and fife, with which we made noisy music while he continued writing. The father was kind to every one, he could not bear to witness the slightest pain, even in the lowest animal. In the twilight he told us stories, or spake of God and other worlds ; or he would tell us of our grandfather, and other glorious things. We ran to gain the wager, the seat nearest to him on the sofa. The old money box, hooped with iron, with a hole in the cover that two mice might conveniently pass through, was the stepping stone by which we in our haste, climbed over the arm of the sofa ; for in front it was difficult to squeeze through, between the table and the repertory for letters. We all three crowded on to the sofa, by his side, above at his head lay the sleeping dog. When at length we had pressed our limbs into the most inconvenient postures, the story began." And here it may not be unsuitable to introduce the description given by William Muller of a visit paid to the old Frau Rollwenzeln, who kept the little hostel, where Richter wrote. "A shady chestnut avenue leads from Baireuth to the Hermitage. About half way, where it forms a sharp angle, and turns suddenly to the left, we stopped before a little time-worn inn, at the door of which stood an old and rather stout little woman, with an open and intelligent countenance. She wore a costume half town, half village, and received and welcomed us more like neighbours or dear friends, than utter strangers. Good old woman, what dost thou discern

in us, to make thee pardon our intrusion, which has for its object neither wine nor beer? Thou didst not ask us to eat or drink, but mysteriously led us up a narrow staircase, threw open a little door-way, and said with tears in thine eyes, but with a look of conscious pride, 'That is the room; here Jean Paul has daily sat and written for twenty years, here at this table, he has worked hard, Oh he has worked himself to death. I have often said to him, Herr Legations-rath, you are working yourself to death, spare yourself, you can't last long like this. Sometimes at two, the dinner hour, I knocked at the door and inquired, Herr Legations-rath will you be pleased to dine? There he sat, with great thoughtful eyes and gazed at me for a while, before he could collect himself, 'Oh, good Rollwenzeln,' he then said, "but another hour." And when that was expired, I came again, but still he would not listen, and when he at last rose and came down the stairs, he swayed to and fro, and I went before him, lest he should fall. Oh, sir, some who did not know him, said he drank too much, but this was not the case, more than a bottle of Roussillon during the day, and sometimes a little beer in the evening, he has never had in my house, except perhaps on a festival, when he was here with a few good friends. At such seasons, no one could make things so comfortable as the old Rollwenzeln, and he thought a great deal of me; but then I tended him like a lord; indeed had he been my king, father, husband, and son, I could not have loved or admired him more. Ah, he was a man, and though as he wished, I have not read his writings, yet I have always been as pleased, when I heard of their being read and

admired far and wide, as if I had myself assisted him with them. But rightly to estimate the Herr Legations-rath, you should hear the strangers who come here. Now in Baireuth, they don't know his value, but in Berlin, there, they celebrated his birthday, in a splendid hall, full of great and learned men and even drank my health—he told me so himself. He even promised me, that in his next new book, I should appear. Oh, had he lived, I would not have troubled about this honour.' The Rollwenzeln here interrupted our silent meditations, and called us back into the little room. 'Alas, when I only think how much the Herr Legations-rath has written on this very spot, and to think when he should have ended; he often told me he had fifty years more to write, when I entreated him to spare himself and not to let the dinner get cold. No, no such man will again be born. He was not like the men of this world. I have often thought it over, and once I said to him, 'Herr Legations-rath, do not laugh at the old Rollwenzeln. You are to me as a comet full of light, and we know not whence it comes, nor where it dwells. Another time, his birthday, I thought to myself, Rollwenzeln, thou must do something for the Herr Legations-rath. So I had written on a fine large leaf of paper, 'On this day he saw the light and was light.' Now as he sat to table, there lay on his plate many poems and good wishes, both written and printed. As he turned them over and came to mine, his whole face beamed with pleasure, and he gave me his hand, saying, 'That is from my good Rollwenzeln.' A flower charmed him, or a bird, and his table was never without flowers, and I always

put one in his button hole. It is about a year since he stayed away and did not come again. I went into the town to see him a few weeks before his death, and having seated myself by his bedside, he asked me 'how I did?' 'Badly,' I replied, 'badly till you again honour me.' But I knew well that he would never come again, and when I learned that his canary birds were dead, I thought that he would soon follow. The poodle outlived him but a very short time; I saw the little animal not long since, I scarcely knew it. God, he is now with thee. They gave him a funeral like a Margrave, with torches and carriages, and such a procession, there is no describing it. I had gone on before into the 'God's acre,' (grave yard) and as I stood all alone, beside the grave, I thought to myself 'And thou must go down there, Jean Paul.' No, I thought, that is not Jean Paul. And as the coffin stood before me, I thought so again. 'And dost thou lie there, Jean Paul?' 'No, it is not Jean Paul.' There was a funeral sermon, and they put a chair for me close to the grave, and when all was over, the family and Herr Otto, and many other gentlemen, pressed my hand.' Tears choked the voice of the good old woman, and we pressed her hand like the bereaved ones at the grave. What is posterity's applause, or the loud eulogium of the great on the master mind, compared with thy silent adoration! May thy humble dwelling be a monument to him, thy house remain unaltered, the room the same, but let it be covered by an arch of triumph, and the arch be encircled with flowers, a bow of heavenly blessing."

But in the midst of his peaceful retirement, the

great heart of Jean Paul mourned for bleeding Germany and for suffering humanity. It was the time when the insatiable ambition of an unprincipled despot caused all the nations of Europe to pour out their blood like water. Patiently and prayerfully he watched through the long night of Germany's affliction and degradation, confident that the morning must dawn, and manfully he worked to excite and cherish the patriotic love of fatherland, which was eventually to drive Napoleon back over the Rhine. He contributed largely to the serials of the day, and subsequently collected his contributions and published them as "Twilight Thoughts," "Dawnings for Germany," "Autumn Flowers," &c. In these writings, he endeavoured to prepare mens' minds for the great struggle for liberty, which with the prophetic eye of genius, he saw approaching; and when that struggle came, and when it was over, and Germany was again nationally free, he tried to heal his country's wounds and to console the bereaved ones. He thus writes, when there was scarcely a household in all Germany, from the King's palace to the lowliest peasant's cot, that had not lost a near relative in the bloody wars with France.

ON THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

"Is it not then bright and beautiful to die at such an age in these spring pasture fields? I blame not here the grief of the bereaved parents, whose worn-out ideals fade for a second time, with the decline of their sons and daughters, and who twice grow old, for their offspring, their second youth, dies before them. I blame not a single tear, with which they lament their

spring blossoms blighted and without promise of autumnal fruit. I will in no wise condemn the mourning of affection, least of all that of parents; I will not even say, true as it is, you grieve over the fading of the youthful blossom, as over something new, and consider not that since the creation, each year, a spring has died. I ask you only, is it not better that death, rather than life, should wither the roses in their cheeks? Is it not well to die at such an age, when the youth and the maiden fly from a world of ideals into a brighter world of ideals, when they bear with them only the bright morning dreams and fresh morning hours of the first life, and where a milder sun rises over them, than the dull, heavy, sultry one of earth's day of toil, where they, exchanging a passing for an everlasting youth, need no time to recover from a long and weary life, and death's angel bursts asunder the rocks that prevent us rising out of the cold, gloomy, intricate catacombs of life. And is not this the happiest of deaths? I answer, no! for in life's spring time, there is yet a nobler, that of the youth on the battlefield. Oh, ye thousands of mothers, sisters, and lovers, whose tears gush forth anew at these words, because the tears of the loving flow longer than the blood of the beloved, because you cannot forget the noble, fiery, innocent young hearts, that no longer beat upon your breast, but are lying unknown and undistinguishable by the side of other dead hearts, in one great grave, check not those tears! but when your eyes are dry, follow with a brighter and a clearer gaze the course of the warriors as they sank, or much rather are arisen. Father, mother, behold

thy son before his fall. Not yet palsied by the prison fever of life, he parts from you with a joyous farewell. Full of hope and power, without the weary sadness of the dying, he plunges into the fiery battle-death. Borne on by lofty aspirations and supported and inspired by the feeling of honor; in his eye the foe, in his heart the fatherland. Falling foes, falling friends, inflame his soul, and the rushing cataracts of death cover a trampled world with gloom and with splendour, and with a rainbow. All that is great in man stands forth boldly, and almost divine in his bosom, as in a hall of the Gods: Duty, Fatherland, Freedom, Glory. Now comes from the earth his last wound; can he feel that which takes away all feeling? No! between his death and his immortality, no pain can come, and his last joyful thought is to have died for the fatherland. Then he goes crowned as conqueror, into the broad land of peace. There he will not look back to earth for its reward; his reward he carries with him, but you share it; you know that no striving after good is altogether fruitless, or without benefit to mankind, and you may hope that from the ashes of the dead on the battle altar, will rise the phoenix of the holiest; and that the skeletons of the warriors, lying in unknown graves, are the anchors that, unseen, uphold the vessel of the State. Parents, will you again shed tears over your sons? Weep on, but let them be only tears of joy, for man's power, for the pure ardour of youth, for his scorn of death, as of life, yes, for your own human heart, that would rather bear the agony of those tears, than be without the joys of that self-conquest. Yes, be even proud, ye parents; you too have striven, for you too have made

a sacrifice: in the colder season of life you have given up a heart that you loved, even more than your own, and have ventured it for the great heart of the fatherland, and, as your child's remained and your's broke, you only wished and wept, but repented not your offering—and with your wound, your offering lives.”

From these miscellaneous writings we select the following pieces:—

“Too much fortune or too much misery drives both men and nations to immorality; it is only in the extremes of heat and cold, that the pond fishes hide themselves in the mud.”

“Tyrant, thou seest the sun of liberty sink in a sea of tears and of blood, that so lately shed its beams over the world; but thy hopes are vain. The material sun too, sinks amid blood-red threatening clouds, into the ocean, but in the morning it rises unextinguished, and day again dawns.”

“Our body sinks into the grave, and in the lapse of time, the very epitaph on the gravestone wears away. What then remains? That for which both were formed, the soul.”

“Youth weeps, so also does old age, but the one is the morning, the other, the evening dew. Thus the youth praised the tears of young eyes. But when the hot meridian sun had dried up the morning dew, and scorched the flowers, and the youth was become an old man, he said, it is true that the evening dew

lies cold and dark, throughout the long night, but then the sun comes and it glistens again."

"The world was moved and troubled, everywhere was sorrow on the blooming earth; death-clouds of black poisonous incense rose with its offerings to heaven; man struggled fiercely with man, and both bled. But in the midst of the tumult there was a region of peace; the lark soared high in the blue sky, the nightingale thrilled forth its rapturous melody, and other songsters enlivened the grove with their lays, or warmed their naked young against their feathered bosoms. Poets, you too sing; be like the birds, and always inhabit the pure calm heights."

"Many flowers open to the sun, but one follows it constantly. My heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to God, but obey him also."

THE FAR-SEEING UNBELIEVERS.

"We have armed our eyes with the telescope and have examined the heavens, and found them empty and void, and immensity is lonely and waste. Oh! you foolish ones, your telescope is turned upside down."

THE GLORY OF GENIUS.

"Gift of genius, thou art like the dew that falls from heaven under the evening star; unseen and dark, it strengthens the flower through the long night, but when the morning dawns and it glistens brighter than the flowers, the sun comes and takes it away. Gift of genius, thou art like the dew. Hidden in the silent breast, thou, pure and cool, refreshest it a long time,

but when thou throwest bright hues and splendor on the world around, thou oftentimes soon disappearest and leavest a weary heart behind."

Written the last day of the year, 1807, when was fought the disastrous battle of Jena, and Germany's hopes were for the time crushed.

"Strange year! Hast thou then had the green trees and nightingales and the whole short spring of earth? Thou standest silent and ashamed, but yet thou hast brought them, but we have not been able to see them through our tears.

"Morning of the new year dawn quickly upon us, and as on another morning, may the rainbow of peace rise over the retiring flood. And may the beautiful star of love, that according to the calendar governs the year, not sink, as Hesperus, that precedes the night, but as morning star that heralds the dawn; and may love be the queen of the year."

"The more the love of God and of our fellow man abounds, the less self-love is there; the quicker a planet revolves round the sun, the slower it turns round itself."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SCIENTIFIC AND POETIC ILLUSION.

"If the philosopher deceive thee, he gives thee a vapour of earth, that dissolves itself in rain; if the poet deceive thee, he gives thee a nebula of heaven that resolves itself into suns."

THE BUTTERFLY IN THE CHURCH.

“Let him fly on, whether it be in the little church house, or in the great temple of the universe, for he too preaches.”

TO PHILOSOPHERS.

“Which is the greater? He who raising himself above the stormy times, looks down upon them calmly from his elevation, or he who leaving his native heights, boldly plunges into the fierce battle struggle? It is sublime when the eagle soars through the thunderstorm into the cheerful heaven beyond, but it is more sublime, when he hovering in the pure blue, plunges through the raging storm on to the rocky crag, where rest his unprotected and trembling young.”

THE CHILD WITH THE CRUTCH.

“Joyfully the child hops round on his crutch; and sadly the old man drags himself along on his. What makes the difference between the two children? Hope and memory.”

THE SUN OF SCIENCE.

“What influence does this sun exert over the cold men of fashion and of the world? The same that the material sun effects on the icebergs; it can make them shine like burnished gold, but cannot melt them, and they float down into the seas of warmer climes.”

WE CHILDREN.

“A child was carrying a branch covered with flowers,

and wished to plant it in the earth, that the sweet blossoms might ripen to sweeter fruit. Suddenly there settled upon it a swarm of young bees, and the terrified child threw it from him, bitterly deploring the fruit he had promised himself. Thus we children often treat providence."

PRINCES AND PEOPLES.

"When princes weep, peoples bleed: if the mountain tops are enshrouded in mist, it rains in the valley. Now at last, thank God, the German throne heights are cloudless, and stand out fair and clear, as pointers of a bright future to their common fatherland. But oh, princes, consider that eyes are easier to dry than wounds, and the mountain tops than the valley."

HERDER AND SCHILLER.

"Both in youth intended to become surgeons, but destiny said, 'No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body; heal the deeper ones,' and they both wrote."

THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

"Man sees the spinning wheel of destiny, but not the thread; therefore, says he, behold the eternal empty round of the universe."

THE REPEATED PROMISE OF AMENDMENT.

"Heinrich was a youth of fifteen summers, full of good resolutions that he seldom kept, and faults that he daily repented. He loved his father and teacher much, but his amusements more; for either of these he would have willingly offered his life, but would

not bend his will. From this cause the Count, his father, dreaded the time when Heinrich would leave home for college and his travels, where the crooked paths of vice become more flowery and precipitous, and no father's arm can restrain, no father's voice call back. He feared lest he should then sink from weakness to weakness, and return with a soul sullied and polluted; with all its purity and beauty gone, and having lost even that reflection of virtue, repentance. The Count was tender, mild and pious, but over indulgent. The vault where rested his spouse, stood as it were under his every footstep and underlaid each bed, from which he would fain have gathered flowers. It was his birthday, and perhaps from this reason he was ill, for the wounded breast could not bear a day, when the heart beat stronger against it. As he grew weaker and weaker, his agonised son went into the little grave-yard, where stood the tomb of his mother, and one as yet untenanted, which his father in his sorrow had erected for himself. Here upon his mother's grave, Heinrich solemnly vowed to wage war with his passions and follies. The birthday of his father seemed to say to him, 'The frail clay that retains thy father and separates him from the dust of thy mother, will soon crumble away, perhaps in a very few days, and he will go grieved and hopeless to thy mother, and he will not be able to tell her that thou art reformed.' And he wept aloud, but oh, unhappy Heinrich, what avail are thy sorrow and tears, without thy amendment. After a short time the Count partially recovered, and in the overflow of joyful emotion and hope, he pressed the repentant boy to his fevered

breast. Heinrich was excited with joy at his father's recovery and embrace ; his tutor, who endeavoured by proportioned severity to make up for the father's leniency, tried to set bounds to his intemperate pleasure. Heinrich was disobedient, and when the tutor reiterated his commands, he rebelled and wounded the feelings of his stern friend deeply. This disturbance with his teacher struck the already weary and stricken heart of the hoping father, like a poisoned dart, and he succumbed to the wound and had to take again to his sick bed. Thoughtlessly man strews around him the flaming coals of his sins, and often only when lying in his grave, do the scattered sparks burst forth into flames, whose smoke forms a column of shame over his tomb, that rests for ever upon it. Heinrich, when all hopes of recovery were over, could not look upon the shattered form of his father, without remorse. Silently on his knees like an eye-bound malefactor, he awaited in the next room, the future and the fearful words 'he is dead !' At length, he went in to the dying man to take a last farewell and receive his forgiveness ; but the father though he gave his love, withheld his confidence, saying, 'My son, amend, but do not promise it.' As Heinrich lay in the ante-chamber, overwhelmed with grief and shame, he heard his aged tutor blessing his father, who had also been his pupil, as if already the shades of the last night were gathering round the sick man's life. 'Slumber softly,' said he, 'thou virtuous man, thou faithful scholar ; all the good resolutions that thou hast kept, all thy victories over self, all thy good deeds, will now appear as crimson evening clouds in the twilight

of thy setting sun. Hope on in thy Heinrich and trust that he may still reform.' The sick man could not shake off his overwhelming faintness, his wandering senses mistook the voice of the tutor for that of his son, and he stammered out, 'Heinrich, I cannot see thee, but I hear thee; lay thy hand upon my heart and swear that thou wilt amend.' Heinrich sprang into the room, but the tutor putting his hand on the dying man's breast, said gently, 'I will swear in thy name.' But as he did so, he felt that the heart had ceased its motion and was resting from the long labour of life, 'Fly, unhappy one' he cried, 'he has died without hope.' Heinrich fled out of the castle, after promising his teacher to return. Tottering, and weeping aloud, he sought the graveyard, where the tombs like pale skeletons rose amid the green foliage. He had not the courage to touch the empty future resting place of his father; but he leaned against the second column, where lay a heart that had not perished through his guilt, his mother's. —Silent, gloomy, and oppressed, he bore his sorrow further; everywhere he met that which reminded him of his loss and of his guilt. The thought of his undutiful conduct haunted and pursued him. After five gloomy days full of remorse and pain, Heinrich resolved to return to the friend of his father, and console him by the first fruits of his amendment. At night, he entered timidly the house of mourning. As he passed through the grave-yard, the white pyramid over his father's tomb stood awe-inspiring to his soul among the living green of the foliage, as the smoke cloud of a conflagration floats in the pure blue ether of heaven. He leaned his head against

the cold hard column and could only weep, disconsolate and speechless. Here he stood forsaken. No soft voice whispered 'Thou hast been sufficiently punished.' The trees rustled as in rage, and the darkness seemed an abyss ; his loss was irreparable, and he felt it. But now through his tears he noticed a silver star in the sky, that mild as the eye of an immortal spirit, shone down upon him through the trees. A softer sorrow took possession of his breast ; he thought of the promise of amendment, that death alone had prevented, and he sank slowly upon his knees, and gazing up to the stars above him, said, 'Oh, father, father, (and grief choked his voice) here lies thy unhappy child on thy grave, and he swears to thee ; yes, pure righteous spirit, I will alter—accept me again. Oh, couldst thou but give me a sign that thou hadst answered my request.' The leaves rustled near him, slowly a form pushed aside the branches and said, 'I have heard thee, I hope again.' It was his father—the transition state between death and sleep, the sister of death, a trance, had like a wholesome, though heavy slumber, again given him life. Thou excellent father, had death borne thee into the glories of the second world, thou couldst not have experienced more joy and rapture, than at this moment, when thy erring son sank repentant on thy bosom, and fulfilled the most cherished hope of thy heart.

"Before the curtain falls on this short scene, I would ask you young men—Have you parents to whom you have not yet given this pledge ? If so, I would remind you, ere it be too late, that one day, a time will come, when you will be comfortless, and

in bitterness of soul exclaim, alas, they loved me better than all besides, but I let them die without hope, and I was their last grief."

The biography of Richter from the time he settled at Baireuth is almost too simple for a detailed account. He was an excellent husband and father, and a constant friend. Numerous letters were continually addressed to him from all parts of Germany, asking advice or assistance, to which he always replied. Young authors came to him for a good word, and among those whom he first introduced to fame, may be mentioned Wagner and Kanne.

8 / But here we must introduce a tragic story,—it is one that no writer of fiction would ever be excused for detailing as such, it is Werther like, but it surpasses Werther. A young girl, the daughter of a victim of the reign of terror, had begun to read the works of Jean Paul in her tenth year. So delighted, so enchanted was she with him, seeing him as she did only through the medium of his writings, that this young creature came to the conclusion, that she could not be happy, except in his society. She accordingly wrote to Richter, begging that he would for the future, consider her as his daughter. His answers were kind and gentle, and full of advice, he even, at her especial request, got his wife to cut a lock from his now but scantily covered head, sent it to her, and always signed himself "Thy Father." But this was not enough for the impassioned girl; her ideal of him was ever present with her, and the desire to see him became so intense, a desire that she felt she could not rightly gratify, that she at length conceived, child as she was, that her only refuge was

death. At this time, she was living with her mother and sister, and as their happiness greatly depended upon her, she resolved for their sakes to delay the prosecution of her fearful project. The mother died and the sister married, and now believing that the last tie that bound her to earth was severed, and that in another world she would be able to meet him whom she loved so ardently, she carried her frightful scheme into execution, after penning the following letter to Richter: "Do not be angry, dearest father, at receiving these lines from your unfortunate Maria. My mother has been two months dead, and she will consent that I shall now follow her. She wished me to take care of my sister, and not to desert her in these terrible war times—these are now over. All I could, I have done; her happiness is secure, and I now hasten to quit a world where mine has so unaccountably failed, where my most earnest strivings after good have been so entirely in vain, and where, since my foolish letters to you, I have passed from despair to despair. Ah! in the great universe, there will yet be a place where I can recover my peace and be as I wish. I have suffered enough, I long to die! Ah! you will despise me as long as I live, for you will never understand how I have languished to do something for you, or for those dear to you. But do not despise me so much, as not to let your children, of whom I cannot think without tears, they are so happy, accept a little present from me. Tell them not whence it comes; I would willingly be wholly forgotten, and unnoticed pass away. No one has learned my history from myself, and I have burnt all books and journals. Your hair alone was spared,

it is on my neck, and I take it with me. Again, never-to-be-forgotten, dearest father! Farewell! Alas, that it should have been so with me. My unhappy spirit will hover round you, till you again receive it, and take it with you. Oh, could I but give you a sign, or bring you some higher knowledge."

This dreadful circumstance threw a gloom over Richter's life, that it took long years to dispel. His family was now grown up, and his son Max, a youth of great promise, was sent to Munich to school. Here he devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to his studies, and when removed to the University of Heidelberg, distinguished himself much, especially as a philologist. His severe mental application shattered his constitution, and brought on a melancholy, that assuming the form of religious fanaticism, quickly robbed him of youth and health. His parents in vain attempted to cheer him. His mental struggles brought on a nervous fever, that ended in death. Richter never got over this blow, it went to his heart—it was a death-stab to the old man, and left death himself little to do. His sight was much weakened by excessive weeping, and at length entirely yielded to his unremitting literary efforts.

For many years Richter had been engaged in the composition of a great comic romance, entitled, "The Comet." This work was not completed at the time of the death of his son, yet so great was his force of character, that he could compose the most humorous scenes, while his eyes were red and swollen with weeping. A few stray thoughts from this work are well worthy of insertion here.

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.

“The butterflies die with the setting sun, and live not to disport themselves in the morning beams. You are happier, you little human butterflies ; you sported for awhile at the rising of the sun of life, and flew over a bright world full of flowers, and sank before the morning dew had disappeared.”

THE RAINBOW OVER WATERLOO.

“When at last, 'stead of the deadly cannon mouths, only the torn limbs smoked, and when to the shout of the combatants had succeeded the wail of the wounded, and death looked out upon his wide fresh cut harvest field, where men and horses lay, some cold and stark, and others dying side by side, there appeared in the east a rainbow, as if the heavens wished to bind up the wounds of the bleeding earth, with a soft linament of colours.

“To the breaking eyes of the wounded it stood as a triumphal arch with its flower colours and the blue of heaven, the green of earth, and the red of the morning ; the conquerors' wreath given by the sky, and half hidden by the earth ; the half circle of eternity into which the heart escapes, when released from its fetters of clay.

“And as formerly after the deluge, this joy-inspiring bow was given as a token of future mercy, it now stood as messenger of peace from heaven, after the long down-pouring of blood over Europe, to tell us that the destruction of fellow men, and the ebb and flow of the outpoured brother's blood, should now cease. May the celestial harbinger never betoken aught else, Oh, ye kings !”

MAN'S OBJECTS.

“If this were but done, and that accomplished, and all were gone as I could have wished, I should be in the harbour and rest securely, says man, and he does run into a harbour, that he, as the sailor, has hewn in an iceberg, and he rests there, till his harbour either floats or melts away.”

COMPLAINT OF THE BIRD IN THE DARKENED CAGE.

“How wretched should I be, said the imprisoned bird, in my ceaseless night, without the beautiful tunes, that sometimes like distant rays penetrate into my cage, and brighten my darkest day. But I will impress these heavenly melodies upon me, and like the echo, practice them, till I am able to console myself with them in my darkness. And the little songster learned to sing the melodies that were played before it, and then the cloth was raised, for it was only to teach, that it had been kept in the dark. How often do we men and women complain of the beneficent obscuration of our days? But only then do we rightly complain, when we have thereby learned nothing. And is not our whole earthly existence, but a curtain to the soul? Oh, when the curtain is drawn aside, may it fly upwards with new melodies!”

THE ATHEIST.

“The denier of a living God, holding converse but with himself, when he has once shut out the Highest from his view, must stand in a dead universe, imprisoned by a cold, gray, deaf, blind, dumb, iron necessity, and verily for him, nothing lives and moves, but his own transient existence. Thus stands

the wanderer on the ice seas and ice mountains of Switzerland. Around him silence reigns supreme. Nothing moves as far as eye can reach, save sometimes when a thin cloud rises upwards, and for a moment breaks the immeasurable immovability. Yes, if he have both excluded God from his belief, and have sunk into misery and sin, his solitude may well be compared to that of the convicted incendiary, who, chained in his hut, sees the faggots rise higher and higher around him, and awaits in utter loneliness, the lighting of the pile, the signal of his doom."

JOYS AND SORROWS.

"As we do not remember the extent and number of our sorrows, as of our joys, we are too apt to forget the fruit that these holly trees have borne. These fruits are perhaps more necessary to our head than to our heart. To love everything, a joyful existence is sufficient; but to see and know all, men, life, and still more ourselves, requires sorrow. The spiritual, like the material eye, must be daily moistened by tears; to give it elasticity, to soften the light and wash away aught that might be detrimental to it. We do not notice that we actually weep the whole day long. I speak of the material eye. Yet on different minds, sorrows have a different effect. Those of a pure, warm spirit are the May frosts that harbinger the summer, but those of one, hard, sordid, and corrupt, are autumnal chills, that show only the approach of winter.

"Every heavy sorrow seems to us at the time an overwhelming crushing load, as the gravestone, tied to the neck of the condemned to sink him in the

deep; but we do not consider that oftentimes afflictions are but the stones attached to the divers, so that they may descend into the deep and rise again enriched with costly pearls. Joy flies around us as a beautiful captivating harmless butterfly—but alas, it too often leaves behind it eggs, which grow to voracious caterpillars that bite sharply and long, till they, in their turn, change to butterflies.

“No man is so cowardly as to confess that he crouches before every grief, and contests and endures none. But if thou wilt contest and bear up against one, thou must not except any, but must determine to rise superior to all, to the greatest, as to the least. It were contradictory and absurd to find salves in reason or religion, for bee, but not for serpent-stings, or to suffer them to cure the sprained foot, but not the broken arm. The lives of most men are like water, where but one point receives and reflects the sunshine, and all around is in the shade, and if a cloud pass over this spot, all is obscured. But let thy life be like the diamond, that by nature too, only beams from one spot, but to which the cuttings of art give light surfaces, so that no part is dark. Be then, not in one position cheerful, but in all, and however providence may see fit to treat thee, let thy light continue to shine on.”

Here follows in the original, a sublime dream, illustrative of the immensity of space, which we had intended to translate, but so admirably has it been paraphrased by Mr. De Quincey, that we hesitate not to introduce his version. We think, however, he has in it, not preserved the grand idea that was

evidently prominent in the mind of the writer. In Richter's introduction to this composition, he chiefly dwells upon the enormous expanse between the celestial bodies. And when he is astounded, overwhelmed and confounded, by the infinitudes through which he passes, and wonders that so vast a portion of the universe should be empty and void; the angel touches his eyelids, and immediately he beholds the suns and planets as dark bodies traversing a sea of light—the spirit world.

“God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, ‘Come thou hither, and see the glory of my throne.’ And to the servants, that stood around his throne, he said, ‘Take him, and undress him from his robes of flesh, cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart, the heart that weeps and trembles.’

“It was done, and with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes, with the solemn flight of angel wing, they fled through zaarahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of light; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace, the light swept to them; they by unutterable pace, to the light. In a moment, the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came

eternities of twilight, that reveal but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose at altitude by spans that seemed ghostly, from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs, that scaled the eternities below ; above was below, below was above to the man stripped of gravitating body ; depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly as thus they rode from infinite to infinite—suddenly as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths, were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered, and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears, and he said, ‘Angel, I will go no farther ; for the spirit of man acheth with this infinitude. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave, and hide me from the persecution of the infinite ; for end I see there is none.’ And from all the listening stars that shone around, issued a choral voice, ‘The man speaks truly. End there is none, that ever yet we heard of ! ‘End is there none ?’ the angel solemnly demanded. ‘Is there indeed no end, and is this the sorrow that kills you ?’ But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, ‘End is there none,

to the universe of God. Lo, also, there is no beginning.'"

After the death of his son, Richter continued to labor unremittingly with his pen, and the work to which he devoted the greatest part of his remaining time and strength, was one on the Immortality of the Soul, "Selina." We have before mentioned that his sight was failing fast. In 1823, he travelled to Dresden, to consult a celebrated optician in that city, and in 1824, to Nuremberg, with the same object; but all was without avail. He found great difficulty in seeing to write, and the manuscript of the "Selina" exhibits a sad contrast to the beautiful caligraphy of his earlier works. In the autumn of 1825, his physical strength rapidly declined, and this weakness proved the immediate precursor of man's hereditary foe. The last words which he forced his erring hand to trace, were these, "Life is not flown with the soul, but in it. Its material sceptre it now resigns. The spirit world which that sceptre governed it dismisses, or rather it abandons. Shall this rich, and till now much more favoured portion of our being, cease, and only the other part remain." Thus the last words of Jean Paul were a statement of his conviction that the soul was immortal.

During his illness, his gentleness and gratitude for every little service done him, were remarkably conspicuous. On the 14th of November, a friend brought him some flowers, of which he was excessively fond, although he could no longer see them. He took them in his hand and fell into a soft slumber, from which he never more awoke. And the great mind was gone in death to solve the mighty problem of his life. "Thus Richter went from earth, great and holy as a

poet, greater and holier as a man." Thus died Jean Paul, the kind husband, the excellent father, the gifted poet, the enlightened patriot, and above all, the good man. At night, by the light of torches, his body was carried to its last resting place by the side of the much loved son. On his coffin, lay the unfinished manuscript of the "Selina," the book on immortality. A long procession followed, and as they gathered round the narrow vault, that was to enclose the earthly remains of the great author, there arose from the lips of the assembled mourners, the triumphant hymn of Klopstock "Auferstehen wirst du," "Thou shalt arise," and all felt that this was not the end of Jean Paul.

Our task is now well nigh accomplished. We have briefly sketched the principal incidents in the life of Richter: we have watched the boy in his play, by the side of the beautiful Saale; we have accompanied the youth, who with head and heart full to overflowing, but with empty purse and threadbare coat, hurried along the streets of Leipzig, and have traced his footsteps, as he toiled upwards to competence and fame; we have described his marriage and final settlement in the little town of Baireuth, where within view of his native mountains, he laboured and wrote; we have wept with the old man over the blighted promise of his son, and have mournfully followed the bier of the aged poet as it was borne at the dead of night through the silent streets; and have even lingered awhile at the grave to listen to the solemn strains of the requiem that pointed to immortality, and to hope beyond the tomb. Of his works, we have introduced such pieces as seemed to us conspicuous for beauty, power, and truth. Yet this little volume would not be com-

plete without further notice of his character. In person Richter was tall, muscular, and strongly built. His countenance was indicative of his mind. On the lofty, broad, noble brow, was unmistakeably written a profound intellect, whilst in his large lustrous eye, there was almost an excess of feeling. The nose was regular, and the mouth small and fine. The neck was full, giving an idea of power. Of his private character we have already spoken at some length; dutiful as a son, faithful and affectionate as a husband, and kind and loving as a father, he lived the good man, and he died the good man. He has been compared to Sir Walter Scott, and in many respects, the characters of the two great writers were similar. They both had an excessive fondness for animals, an ardent love for nature, and warm and feeling hearts. But here, to us, the resemblance ceases. Scott is remarkable for a graceful flowing style, peculiarly his own, whilst Richter is as rough and rugged as his native hills. Scott was an aristocrat in everything but birth, whilst the political creed of Richter was something between that of an ancient republican and a modern radical. Of his religion it is difficult to speak, and what we do say, we would say diffidently. That Richter was essentially a devout man, none who have read his works will deny. Even from the short extracts we have given, we have seen that flinging aside the limitations of space and time, he could on the spirit's wing, penetrate beyond the uttermost confines of our system, beyond all the visible heaven, to find the "Hidden All" of the universe, there to cast himself in wonder, love, and adoration, before the throne of "his infinite Father." The ten-

dency of the age in which he lived, and in which we live, is pre-eminently practical, grasping at particular facts, it cares little for general principles; if it can get individual, it will not seek out great fundamental laws. The philosophy of Richter was the very reverse of that of the age: in seeking general laws, he seems to us to have somewhat neglected particulars, and whilst feeling an inexpressible yearning for an infinite Father, to have disregarded, or thrown aside, some of those practices and doctrines of the Christian church, which were instituted by its divine founder, and which by most of its members are considered essential and vital. Nevertheless, in the great struggle that was being waged between Goethe and Schiller, as the leaders of the æsthetic philosophers, and Herder and Jacobi, who maintained the supremacy of revelation, even to human reason, Richter hesitated not to give his whole influence in favour of the latter, though it cost him no less a price than the friendship of his two illustrious opponents.

Criticism forms but a small part of this little work, indeed we feel ourselves utterly incapable of reviewing such writings as those of Jean Paul. The following is from the pen of one who was evidently at home in the subject. "To characterize Jean Paul's works would be difficult, after the fullest inspection, to describe them to English readers would be next to impossible. Whether poetical, philosophical, didactic, fantastic, they seem all to be emblems, more or less complete, of the singular mind where they originated. As a whole, the first perusal of them, more particularly to a foreigner, is almost infallibly offensive; and neither their meaning, nor their no meaning, is to be

discovered without long and sedulous study. They are a tropical wilderness, full of endless tortuosities, but with the fairest flowers and coolest fountains, now over-arching us with high umbrageous gloom, now opening in long gorgeous vistas. We wander through them, enjoying their wild grandeur; by degrees our half contemptuous wonder at the author passes into reverence and love. His face was long hid from us, but we see him at length in the firm shape of spiritual manhood, a vast and most singular nature, but vindicating his singular nature, by the force, the beauty, and benignity that pervade it. In fine we joyfully accept him for what he is, and was meant to be. The graces, the polish, the sprightly elegancies, which belong to men of lighter make, we cannot look for, or demand from him. His movement is essentially slow and cumbrous, for he advances, not with one faculty, but with a whole mind; with intellect, and pathos, and wit, and humour, and imagination, moving onwards like a mighty host, motley, ponderous, irregular, irresistible. He is not airy, sparkling and precise, but deep, billowy, and vast. The melody of his nature is not expressed in common notemarks, or written down by the critical gamut, for it is wild and manifold; its voice is like the voice of cataracts, and the sounding of primeval forests. To feeble ears it is discord, but to ears that understand it, deep majestic music." The mind of Jean Paul, as seen in his writings, may be compared to the image seen by Nebuchadnezzar, in prophetic vision, "whose brightness was excellent." The fine gold of pure and holy sentiment is the head, the silver of a boundless and sublime imagination, the breast, the

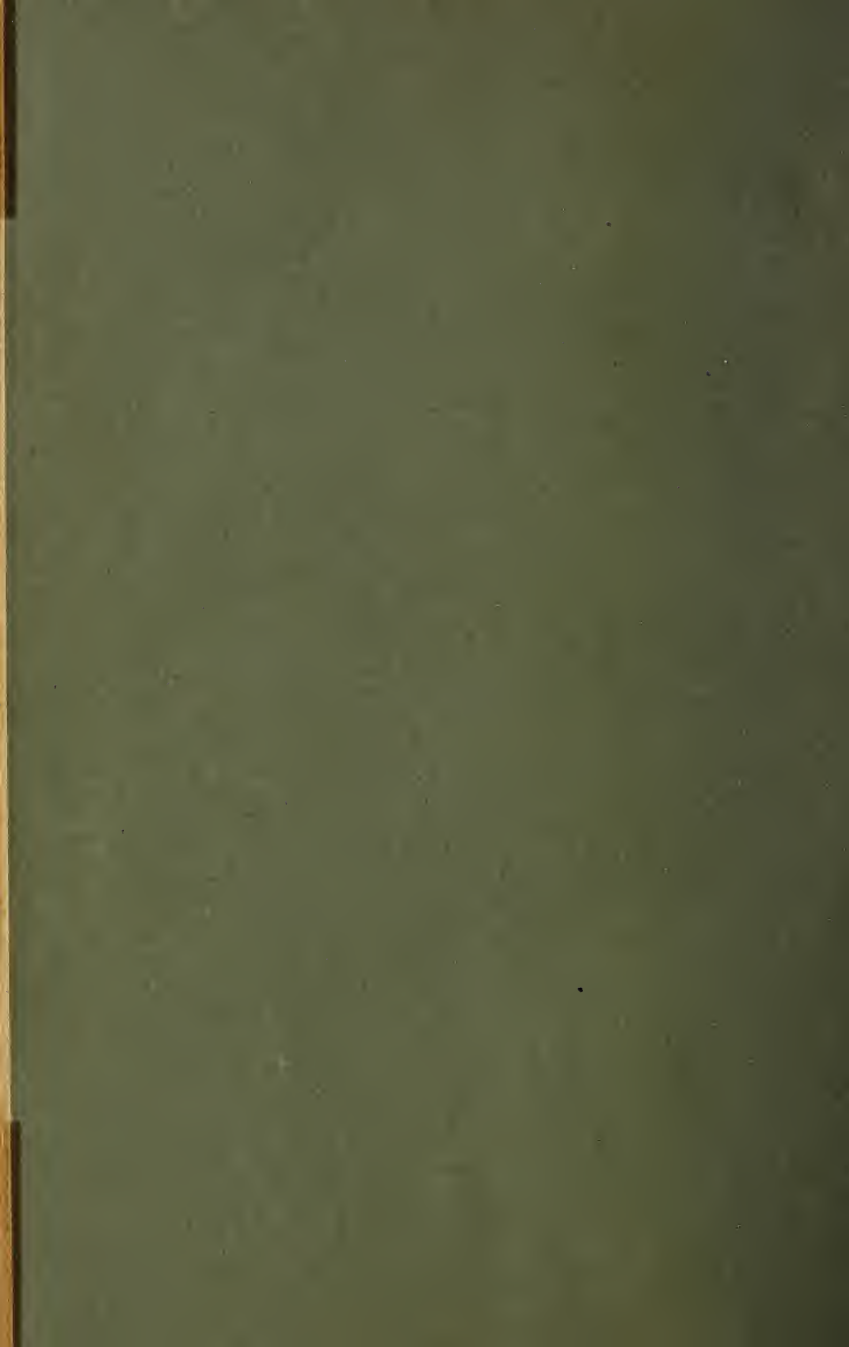
brass and iron of truth and power, the thighs and legs, whilst the feet are partly formed of clay. Yes, clay did enter into his composition, the clay of a vicious style, offensive to most and repulsive to all. Yet spite of this imperfection, the grandeur and wonderful creative power of his imagination, the richness and exuberance of his imagery, the minute truthfulness with which he paints every joy and sorrow, every hope and aspiration of which the human heart is susceptible, the noble persistency of the support he gives to social and intellectual liberty, to the cause of truth, and of virtue, all proclaim him to be, though not Germany's greatest author, yet the phoenix of her modern literature. We have already likened his childhood to the course of a mountain streamlet, much more may his writings, in their full vigour, be compared to the broad smooth current of a mighty river, which reflects upon its bosom, not only the varied face of nature, mountain, and forest, not only the habitations of men, but the billowy cloud world, the pure blue ethereal vault beyond, either studded with stars, or enlightened by the rays of the king of day.

Thus in Jean Paul we find not only nature, not only man depicted, but ideas sublime, vast, overwhelming; and though somewhat obscured by poetic or philosophic clouds, it is not seldom that we get a glimpse of the "divine eye" beyond.

Richter's offerings to the muses are like that of Brutus to the oracle. To the casual or superficial observer, they are mere alder sticks, rough, knotted and gnarled, but he who reads and studies them, will assuredly find them inlaid with pure gold.







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